The Outlook

Volume 142 February 24, 1926 Number 8

Bread, Cake, and Pie

THE latest American thrill comes from the capitalization of bread-making to the extent of hundreds of millions, with a seeming certainty of including cake and pie. President Coolidge, who comes from the pie belt, as does his Attorney-General, has acted with promptness and courage. The forces of law are now marshaled to meet the octopus in its lair.

Just why there should be any scare over a bread trust is hard to understand. It is the easiest of all the breed to lay low. By the simplest processes of domestic economy, coupled with the vitamines in a two-cent yeast-cake, it can be readily routed and its stock turned into waste paper.

Dainty fingers can keep the dough from sticking by a preliminary dusting with flour. This last article can be bought by the barrel or in bags small enough to fit a flat at any grocery store. Buttered pans and a hot oven do the rest. Grateful households would welcome the return of the home-made staff of life. In the days of not so long ago women who put baker's bread upon their tables were regarded as shiftless by the smarter housewives, and their husbands were pitied throughout the neighborhood. The housewife of that time made a much better article than the stuff turned out by the Trust, even if it was not done up in wax paper and heralded as the result of consulting 40,000 housewives.

The Bread Trust, like many others, is the creature of convenience. Convenience has become almost a vice in America. It excuses poor products, the disappearance of domestic arts, the substitution of chemistry for the real thing in jellies, jams, and the like. If people will abandon the good for the convenient, they ought not to howl over the consequences. The Irishman who taught his horse to eat shavings by putting green glasses over the animal's eyes was not far off the track.

Wide World Photos

TEMPERAMENT and stolidity met at Cannes in France on Tuesday of last week, and temperament won. Miss Helen Wills, American woman champion in tennis (left), succumbed to Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen (right), who is regarded generally as the greatest of tennis players among women. The score was 6–3, 8–6. At one time Miss Wills was within a single point of winning the second set.

Dental Work on the Volstead Act

TWO Administration measures are in preparation designed to sharpen the teeth of the dry law. These are in addition to the bill recently introduced at the request of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon authorizing the creation of a Bureau of Prohibition separate from the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

One of the new bills, if it becomes law, will "tighten up" the National Prohibition Act throughout. Particularly, it will provide penalties much more severe than those which may now be imposed. The other bill will provide for a comprehensive revision of statutes that bear upon prohibition enforcement, including those relating to customs, Coast Guard, and the like.

No public announcement has been

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made as to the details of either bill, though there is no concealment of the fact that Treasury officials are busily at work upon them. Andrew J. Volstead, father of the National Prohibition Act, has been in close conference with the interested officials.

There is little doubt that these bills will set off the fireworks in Congress. Advocates of modification to permit sale of wines and beer, who have introduced numerous bills that have got nowhere, will find their opportunity to be heard. They would prefer to speak in favor of a bill for "loosening" the law, but they will not refuse to speak in opposition to a bill for "tightening" it. And they are numerous enough, not only to raise the wind, but to keep it blowing for some time.

That fact notwithstanding, the indications are that sentiment for maintenance and stricter enforcement of the law has become much more active within the past few weeks. The Empringham incident has been an important factor through its boomerang effect in bringing this about. Churchmen, whom many have thought to be lethargic since the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment, are said to have been awakened by this incident, which has brought forth also expressions from many prominent citizens not actively identified with church work favoring maintenance and strict enforcement of the law.

If State governments were as thoroughly awakened as the churches, it is said in official quarters, the problem of enforcement would be greatly simplified. General Lincoln C. Andrews, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of prohibition, whose public utterances have been not a little garbled in newspaper despatches, continues urging the States to do their share of the work of enforcement. His position is that the States, when they ratified the Eighteenth Amendment, became full partners with the Federal Government in the prohibition enterprise and assumed the duty of enforcement equally with the Federal Government. He believes that his work should be to apprehend those violators whose operations assume inter-State or National proportions and to guard the coasts, and that each State should enforce the law within its own borders.

This position is responsible for the statement attributed to him to the effect that it was never intended that the Federal Government should enforce the Prohibition Law. What he has since publicly said is that it was never intended that the Federal Government should be required to enforce the law without the assistance of its partners, the States.

Wide World Studio

Marion Talley as Gilda in "Rigoletto"

A DELEGATION of home folks, the expenditure of thousands, and a sold-out house would constitute a great welcome for a veteran *diva*; for the celebration of the début of a nineteen-year-old Kansas City girl it is a record. Miss Marion Talley starts her career at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, in a blaze of glory which is gorgeous as a sunrise. Will it be equaled at high noon? The event is not an occasion of much musical moment; but as an expression of local patriotism it is unqualifiedly American

Wave-Lengths and Politics

WHAT has political affiliation to do with a man's capacity to serve as an adviser to the Secretary of Commerce in the regulation of radio? Would a commission of five such advisers be a better commission if, in addition to other qualifications, three of them had to prove affiliation with the Republican and two with the Democratic Party, or the other way about?

There are few, outside of Congress and party caucuses, who will think so. Yet the White Bill for the regulation of radio communications, as reported out of committee, provides for just such a commission.

In the main, this bill provides the sort of machinery for regulation that has been found necessary in the experience of the Department of Commerce, that has been publicly advocated by Secretary Hoover, that was approved by the fourth National Radio Conference. It authorizes the Secretary of Commerce to license such broadcasting stations as render a public service, to deny or revoke the license of such as do not meet that requirement, and to assign call letters, wave-length, power, location, time of operation, and character of emissions. It prohibits monopoly in broadcasting. It stipulates that advertising and publicity material shall be announced as such. It sets up a board to act in an advisory capacity, and as a court of appeal at the option of the Secretary of Commerce or an aggrieved party.

The Department of Commerce wants all of these things written into law, and has asked that it be done. The National Radio Conference, after four years of study, has found all of these things desirable and has so declared. Nobody has asked, however, that political affiliation be placed among the requisite qualifications for appointment to the advisory commission. That was written into the bill in committee.

The necessity for putting politics into radio is not apparent. It is hard to believe that the country, or even the present Administration at Washington, would suffer if the commission were made up of five radio experts all of whom happened to be Democrats. It is equally hard to believe that the country, or even the minority party, would suffer if all five happened to be Republicans.

Political manipulation is not kept out of a commission by the requirement that a minority of its membership be of a

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Spirits to enforce

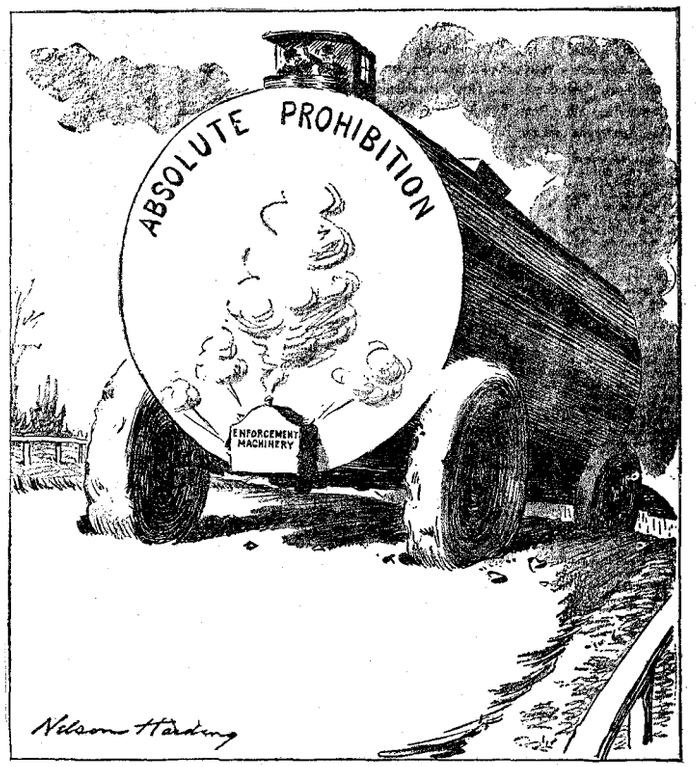
The Tempest (Epilogue)

Morris in the Bridgeport Sunday Post

A study in relativity

From Robert V. Carr, Bridgeport, Conn.

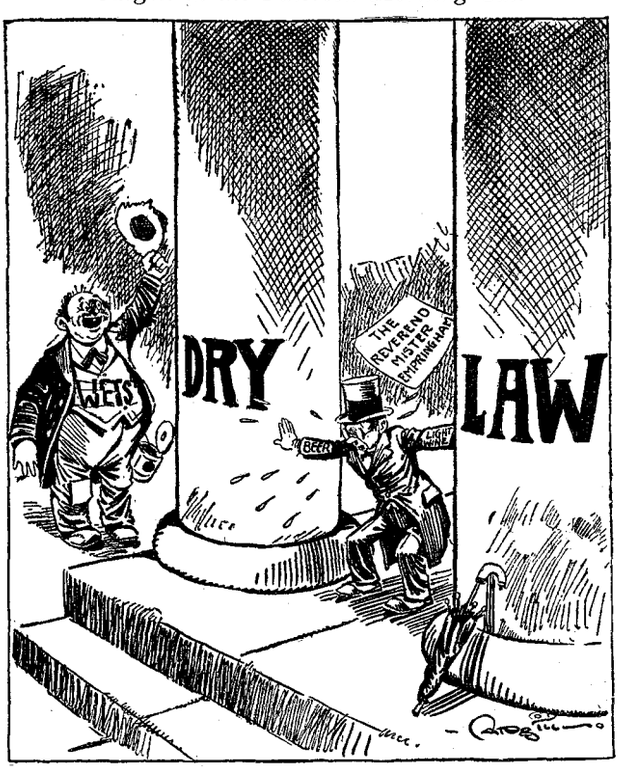
Nelson Harding in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle



It's just possible the wagon may be too big for the engine

From Andrew W. Pera, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cargill in the Paterson Morning Call



"'Atta boy Samson!"

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

From Emma C. Ackermann, Lockport, Ill.

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different political faith from the majority. If there is ever a desire to play politics with radio, the play can be made just as fast and furious as if this "sixty-forty" split were not stipulated in the bill.

Americans interested in radio rather than in politics will generally believe that members of the commission should be chosen for radio rather than for political qualifications.

Passing the Buck to the Income-Tax Payer

THE Senate has passed the Tax Bill in time to make the reductions applicable to the first payment of income taxes on March 15. Despite an incipient filibuster and numerous acrimonious outbreaks, this measure was handled with about as much expedition as could have been expected of such a dilatory body as the Senate. Barring an *impasse* in conference, the bill will be signed nominally in time to get tax blanks out and back. But the taxpayer cannot be dilatory—not he.

True, the bill as passed by the Senate calls for reductions nearly $125,000,000 below the safety mark of Treasury surplus, but this is actually less serious than it seems. The Senate has made two sets of reductions, from one or the other of which it will have to recede in conference.

The House non-partisan bill provided for reductions totaling about $330,000,000. The Senate Finance Committee drafted a bill which differed from the House bill mainly in eliminating the inheritance tax, estimated to cause a loss in revenues of nearly $100,000,000. But the Committee undertook to make up for a part of this loss by restoring items in the present law that had been dropped in the House bill. As the measure came from the Senate Finance Committee, it provided for an estimated reduction in taxes of $352,000,000, a figure some $22,000,000 in excess of the safety limit.

The Senate concurred in the Committee's recommendation that the inheritance tax be repealed. But it did not agree with the Committee's method of making up the deficit thus caused by restoring items dropped from the House bill. Amendments from the floor were adopted which had the effect of eliminating taxes on admissions and dues to the amount of about $24,000,000, taxes on automobiles to the amount of $69,000,000, and on automobile trucks to the amount of about $6,000,000. The cuts effected by these amendments, together with the inheritance-tax repeal, bring the total of reductions in the Senate bill to about $452,000,000, or about $125,000,000 more than the Treasury estimates can be spared.

Concealed under these figures are some very pretty group maneuvers. The advocates of inheritance-tax repeal were willing to reduce revenues $25,000,000 below the original Treasury estimate of safety in order to get rid of this tax, and the general understanding is that Secretary Mellon was in an acquiescent mood. Those who favor the elimination of other taxes rather than of the inheritance tax took the position that if the Treasury could stand a reduction of $352,000,000 for the sake of getting rid of the estate tax it could stand an equal reduction for getting rid of taxes on admissions and automobiles. Each group, by securing the votes of individual Senators here and there, was able to muster a majority.

Everybody knows that both reductions cannot stand, but that one of them can. If the inheritance tax goes back into the bill, admissions and automobile taxes can stay out. If the inheritance tax stays out, something else will have to go back in.

The "dope" indicates victory for those who would keep the inheritance tax in the law. The House passed what most of its members regard as a fair inheritance-tax provision and its conferees are prepared to maintain that position. With the inheritance-tax repeal clause out of the Senate bill, it would conform fairly closely to the House bill. And the Senate conferees will have difficulty in maintaining the right of the Senate to make drastic changes in a revenue measure.

Whatever happens in conference, the bill will remain essentially a non-partisan measure. In no one of the Senate fights did the combatants divide along party lines.

The Security of Federal Land Bank Bonds

PRESIDENTS and secretaries of Farm Loan Associations met recently at Springfield, Massachusetts, to review the year's work and to inspect their new bank building, the home of one of the twelve Federal Land Banks. In this district, which comprises New England, New York, and New Jersey, there are 139 local associations. They received during the year 3,500 applications for loans aggregating $15,000,000, about a million dollars more than the total for the previous year. Twenty-one of the associations have more than half a million each outstanding and a few have more than a million each.

Emphasis was placed at the Springfield meeting on the importance of accurate appraisals of farm property, and it appears that National Farm Loan Associations have had exceptional success in this particular. Appraisals are carefully examined by experts of the local association and then are checked by a Federal appraiser, who is a public officer appointed by the Farm Loan Board and assigned to the Federal Land Bank. E. H. Thomson, now President of the Springfield Bank, but for a number of years Associate Chief of the United States Bureau of Farm Management, has recently checked the sale prices of 1,277 farms carrying Federal Farm Loan mortgages. He found that the appraised value never varied more than four per cent from the sale price and that it was frequently within one per cent.

With loans limited to fifty per cent of the appraised value of the land and twenty per cent of insurable permanent improvements, there appears to be about two hundred per cent protection for the investor in Federal Land Bank bonds, a form of Government security not as widely known as some others. However, $30,000,000 worth of these bonds bearing interest at 4½ per cent was recently purchased by the investing public, and the total of such bonds outstanding is about a billion dollars.

Our Too Speedy Inventors

MR. THOMAS ALVA EDISON usually adds to the interest of his widely celebrated birthday the utterance of a few words of wisdom that generally carry weight. On the occasion of his seventy-ninth anniversary he remarked that invention had not only caught up with needs, but had gone beyond.

Certain developments in radio were evidently in his mind. General Carty, of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, is also on record as saying that some developments were in hand that could be well delayed for a decade in the interest of present-day investments.

We are so accustomed to wonders that these statements may seem somewhat conservative, but it is a well-known fact

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that inventions have often had to await utilization. People are slow to scrap their habits or machinery. It is a matter of historical record that a fast and safe automobile driven by steam was invented in England during the eighteen twenties. The stage-coach companies had pull enough with Parliament to produce prohibitive legislation. The great outcome of the device was the artificial draught, through use of the exhaust. This enabled George Stephenson to speed up his locomotive and beget the railroad. The auto had to wait sixty-odd years for its turn.

A Prohibition Catechism

WHO brought about prohibition?

The distillers and the brewers are solely responsible for the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment and the enactment of the Volstead Act. Their blindness to the rising tide of public resentment, their refusal to accept even rudimentary standards of morality, their inability to deal squarely even with one another, swept their trade to the destruction that it deserved. They chose to fight their battles with the weapons of debauchery and political corruption. Is it any wonder that they lost their right to live?

What is the purpose of prohibition?

Not to improve morals, though moralists defend it; not for economic advantage, though business men support it. Its sole purpose, as voiced in the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Act, is to destroy the power of the legalized liquor trade.

Has the Prohibition Amendment achieved its end?

It has destroyed the evil at which it was aimed. It has, however, created new evils of menacing proportions. The bootlegger and the blind tiger—they have always been with us—have grown up and occupied part of the field held by the old saloon. The present liquor trade buys Governmental agents as did the old. It has not yet produced spokesmen powerful enough to echo the words of an old-time brewer: "Why bother to elect legislators? Let the other fellows elect 'em and then we'll buy 'em."

Is the illegitimate sale of liquor the sole count against prohibition?

It is not. The Prohibition Amendment, as The Outlook pointed out prior to its adoption, has improperly injected legislation into a document designed solely as a definition of fundamental principles. In so far as our Constitution has been perverted from its purpose, it has been weakened. By the incorporation of legislation in our Constitution we have made it difficult, if not impossible, to adjust our National liquor policy to the test of experience.

Can the Volstead Act be modified?

It cannot honestly be modified in its essential purpose so long as the Eighteenth Amendment, as it now stands, is an integral part of the Constitution. It can be modified to restore to our citizens their rights to a jury trial, and it can be clarified in definition so that our homes will be protected against illegal invasion and the activities of the Government directed solely against the manufacture and transportation of liquor for purposes of trade.

What of those who ask for modification on the grounds of personal liberty?

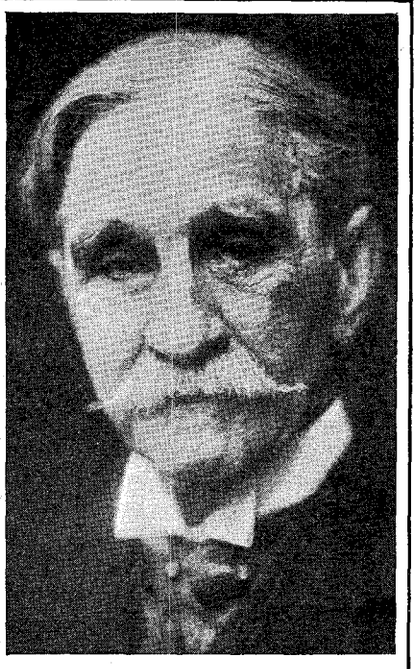
Personal liberty does not mean and cannot be made to mean a right to act against the public interest. Liquor dealers have no rights to public consideration beyond those who deal in other narcotic drugs. Many of those who are crying for personal liberty were strangely silent when the fight was on against the evils of the old saloon.

What of the plea for the manufacture and sale of light wines and beer?

To us it seems a piece of camouflage. People drink, not for the taste of liquor, but for its effect. Whether they seek a pleasant glow or sodden oblivion, their desires differ only in degree. It is not in the experience of other countries that the admission of light wines and beers to public commerce lessens the demand for stronger beverages. Again we say that the advocates of beer and wine were strangely silent during the fight against the old saloon.

Will the Eighteenth Amendment ever be repealed?

In our judgment, the Nation will never give up its right to control, and even destroy, an industry which benefited no people and injured many. The only chance for modification of the Eighteenth Amendment is to be found in the direction of bringing it into closer consonance with the principles of our fundamental law. To amend the Amendment by making it permissive rather than mandatory would not bring about the danger of a return of the old saloon. It might make it easier to deal with the evils of the new liquor traffic which have grown to such portentous proportions. Brewers and distillers need have no hope of their return to public favor. That chapter in American history is closed.



HENRY HOLT, head of the publishing house of Henry Holt & Co., died at his home in New York on Saturday, February 13, at the age of eighty-six. He was a publisher of the old school, who loved books and who regarded his life-work as a profession. The publication of a good book was to Henry Holt something more than a commercial venture.

Let's Be Fair to the Post Office

EVERY time a postal bill comes up for discussion in Congress there are learned debates concerning the size of the postal deficit. The proceedings are rather futile, for no man really knows whether there is a deficit or not, or, providing there is a deficit, how large the loss in operation really is. Of course the Post Office is not a profit-making enterprise. It is a public service. Even public services, however, should have an opportunity of discovering their real cost of operation.

We can think of no better way of

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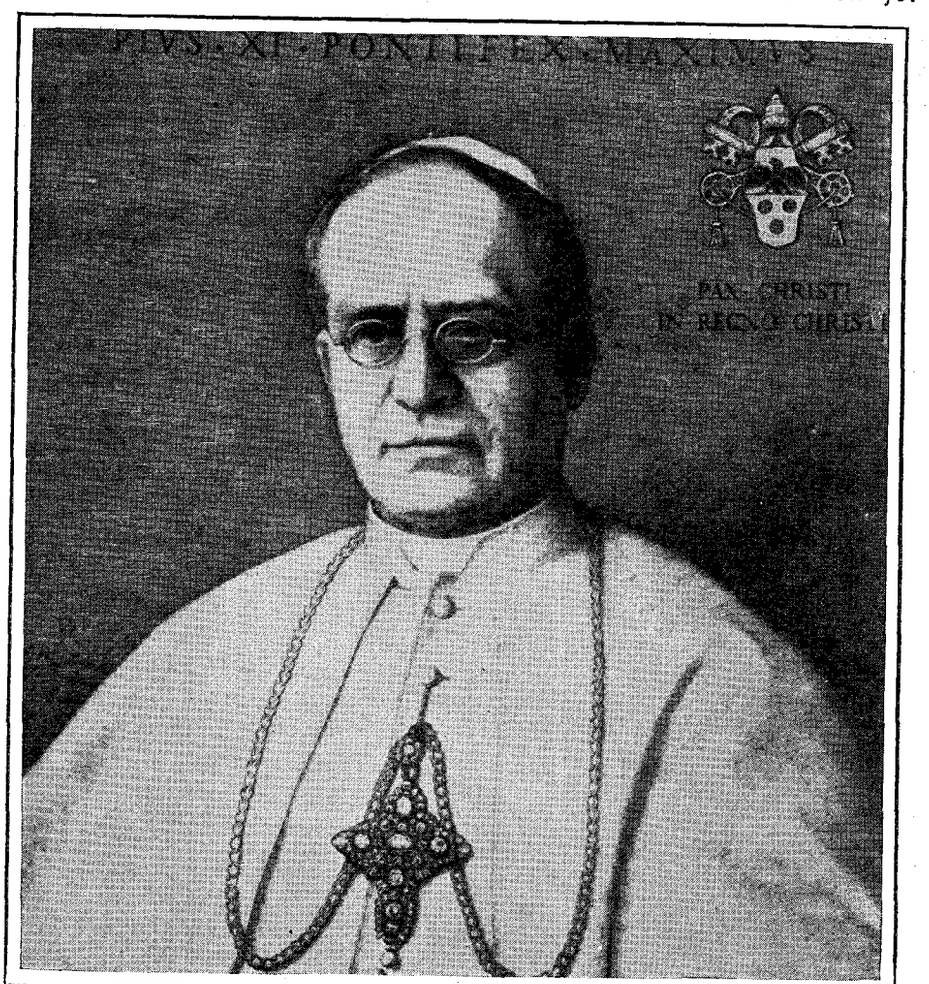
helping to clear up the question of postal revenues than for each and every department of the Government to account for its own use of the mails. There is no need to abolish the system of franking Government matter. The Government should have the right of free approach to the citizenry through the mails. The departments ought to be able to send out such material as in their judgment is necessary to the conduct of their business. Even the Treasury Department might well be permitted to send out four identical circulars to a single citizen if it so desires and finds it too expensive a job to check over its mailing lists.

All such use of the mails, however, should be charged to the officials or departments availing themselves of the franking privilege. Perhaps some departments, perhaps some Congressmen, are not sending out enough letters to show that they are on the job! Perhaps not. In any case, let us have the figures and let the Postal Service have the credit for work duly performed.



P. & A. Photos

Pius XI

The Pope and the Nation

POPE PIUS XI has proclaimed the doctrine of the rule of Christ as King, not only over the hearts of men, but over all temporal things and all nations and governments. He has declared that this supremacy of Christ consists of a threefold power—legislative, judicial, and executive. He insists that the safety of nations depends upon the ruler's as well as the people's "public testimony of reverence and obedience to the empire of Christ." The right to rule, the Pope declares, is not derived from the people, but from "a mandate from the divine King." When princes and legitimate rulers recognize this fact, order and tranquillity, according to the Pope, flourish and grow strong. The reason for this the Pope states in the following words: "When citizens see that their rulers and the heads of their states are men like themselves, or are for some reason unworthy or culpable, they will continue even then to obey their commands because they will recognize in them the image of authority of Christ, the God-Man." And as this kingdom of Christ embraces mankind more widely, so much more, the Pope declares, will brotherhood and peace prevail.

The encyclical, "Quas Primas," through which this doctrine was promulgated and by which the "Feast of our Lord Jesus Christ King" was instituted to be celebrated on the last Sunday of October each year, was issued by Pius XI on the 11th of last December; but the full text of the document only recently reached this country. We have deferred comment upon it, therefore, until now, when we might have the full text before us. The importance of the encyclical is not primarily because of its religious appeal but because of its possible political significance. The question that arose when the first reports of the encyclical reached this country was whether the Pope was undertaking to reestablish the position of the Roman Catholic Church as a super-sovereign state. That was a question not clearly answered in the fragmentary reports at first sent by cable. What answer does the full text of the encyclical give?

With much of what the Pope said Christians of all denominations will agree. Whoever believes that Jesus of Nazareth has set forth an ideal in his life and teachings beyond that of any other which mankind has, whoever believes that Jesus in some way imparted to men the power to attain that ideal, will clearly acquiesce in the statement that if the spirit of Jesus ruled the hearts of men throughout the world all that the Pope says concerning domestic tranquillity and international peace would come true. In this sense the feast which the Pope has instituted is one in which Christians of all denominations might cordially participate. It has been suggested that Protestant as well as Catholic participation in this feast each year would be a recurring influence for Church unity and would bring Christians together in an acknowledgment of their common allegiance.

If this encyclical were confined to the acknowledgment of moral and spiritual supremacy, it would undoubtedly be a great power for unity and justice and for the allaying of suspicion and controversy. But it does not stop with promulgating faith in the moral and spiritual supremacy of Christ. It suggests the exercise of compulsion and declares definitely a form of authority which will arouse suspicion instead of allaying it and create a spirit of resistance.

A thorough examination into this en-

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cyclical is not necessary for the discovery of those passages which will put people in free nations on their guard. Among such passages are the following:

That this Kingdom is principally a spiritual one and to it belong spiritual things, the passages of the Holy Bible referred to above show, and Jesus Christ Himself confirms by His deeds. . . . When He was about to be proclaimed King by the multitude that admiringly crowded about Him, He declined the title and honor, and retiring hid Himself in the desert. Finally, He announced before the Roman Consul that His Kingdom *"was not of this earth."* . . . Moreover, since Christ has received from the Father an absolute right over all created things, so that they all are subject to His will, they would err grievously who would take from the Christ-Man power over all temporal things. Yet, because on earth He abstained completely from exercising that power and despised possessions and the care of worldly things, so He has permitted and permits rightful possession of them, but He commands that the possessors must serve Him. . . . Nor is any distinction made between individuals, the home, or civil society, since men are no less under the power of Christ when united in society than as single individuals. . . . What We said at the beginning of Our Pontificate about the breakdown of the principle of authority and of respect for government may fittingly be said again: "They have driven Jesus Christ," We then lamented, "out of laws and public affairs." Authority suddenly appears to be something derived not from God but from men, and consequently its foundations totter. . . .

Now when We, therefore, command that Christ our King be venerated by Catholics throughout the world, We are providing for the special needs of Our own day a very effective remedy against the pests which pervade human society. The plague of our age is what is called laicism, with all its attendant errors and impious motives. . . . The Church has been refused the right which comes from the very law of Jesus Christ to teach all peoples, to make her own laws for the spiritual government of her subjects in order to bring them to eternal happiness. Little by little the Christian religion has been made the equal of other and false religions and has been lowered to their level. The Catholic religion was made subject to the civil power and was practically abandoned to the control of rulers and magistrates. . . .

We also celebrated this year the Centenary of the Council of Nicea and thus commemorated the definition of the dogma of the consubstantiality of the Word made Flesh with the Father, a dogma upon which is founded the truth of the sovereign rule of the same Christ over all peoples. . . .

. . . The Church which was established by Christ as a perfect society cannot but demand as her right, a right which she cannot renounce, full liberty and independence from the civil power. Moreover, the Church, in the exercise of her divine ministry of teaching, ruling and guiding to eternal happiness all who belong to the Kingdom of Christ, manifestly cannot depend on the will of others. The civil power, too, must allow to religious orders and sodalities of both sexes the exercise of a like liberty since they, over and above being a help to the Church and her pastors, also cooperate greatly in the extension and development of the Kingdom of Christ. . . .

The annual celebration of this feast will also become a means of recalling to the nations their duty of publicly worshiping Christ, that to render Him obedience is not only the duty of private individuals but of rulers and governments as well. It will recall to them also that at the final judgment the Christ Who has been ignored, despised, and even driven from our midst, will revenge Himself for all the injuries He has received. His royal dignity demands that society as a whole should conform itself to the commandments of God and to the principles of the Christian life, first by the stabilization of its laws, then in the administration of justice, and above all things in preparing the souls of our young people for the acceptance of sound doctrine and the leading of holy lives.

To reduce this from the general to the specific, what does this encyclical mean concerning the American public school system?

Does this mean that the Roman Catholic Church claims an authority to determine what shall be taught in the common schools of America?

Does it mean that the Roman Catholic Church declares that it is the duty of the nation under the universal law of Christ to support such schools as the Church may establish for the teaching of children in "sound doctrine and the leading of holy lives"?

Briefly summarized, the argument of the Pope may be understood as follows: Christ is King of all peoples and nations. His law, which he will enforce ultimately by vengeance, is one superior to all other laws not only in spiritual but in temporal matters. Not exercising his temporal authority himself while on earth, he left to his Church the right of exercising that authority. This authority of Christ's command is vested in the Pope as Vicar of Christ. The ultimate object of the Church is to control and rule Christ's kingdom, which includes all peoples and nations whether they acknowledge Christ as King or not. Under the law of Christ, which it is the duty of the Church to establish and carry out, all nations should conform to this authority in their laws and in their education of the people.

It has sometimes been said that no Roman Catholic can be elected President of the United States. So far as this is an expression of religious bigotry and intolerance it is un-American. But it may be an expression of that fear of theocracy that springs from the spirit of civil liberty. History has shown that there is no greater menace to civil liberty than a theocracy, whether it is the theocracy of a Roman Catholic hierarchy or the theocracy of a Puritan commonwealth. Authority to promulgate, judge, and execute the law must be confined to the civil power if we are to maintain the institutions on which we have established this Republic.

The Strike Ends in Victory—for the Public

IN every great strike the public is a party in interest. Usually it is the party that suffers most and gains least. In the anthracite strike just ended the public was, for once, the winner.

Thanks for this are due partly to the stubbornness of both sides in the controversy, partly to the non-interference of the President, partly to circumstances, and partly to the good sense of the public itself.

By stubbornly continuing their warfare till they were both exhausted manager and miner have permanently lost their power to terrorize the coal consumer. The billion dollars which, it is estimated, this strike has cost may not be, after all, too high a price to pay for the freedom which the public has won. Certainly it has brought no commensurate gain to either of the combatants. If the result of the strike is the virtual end of such conflicts in the anthracite field, it is due not to the terms of the settlement, but to proof that hereafter such conflicts will not pay. If both sides had not hoped last summer to gain something more than they have now, they might

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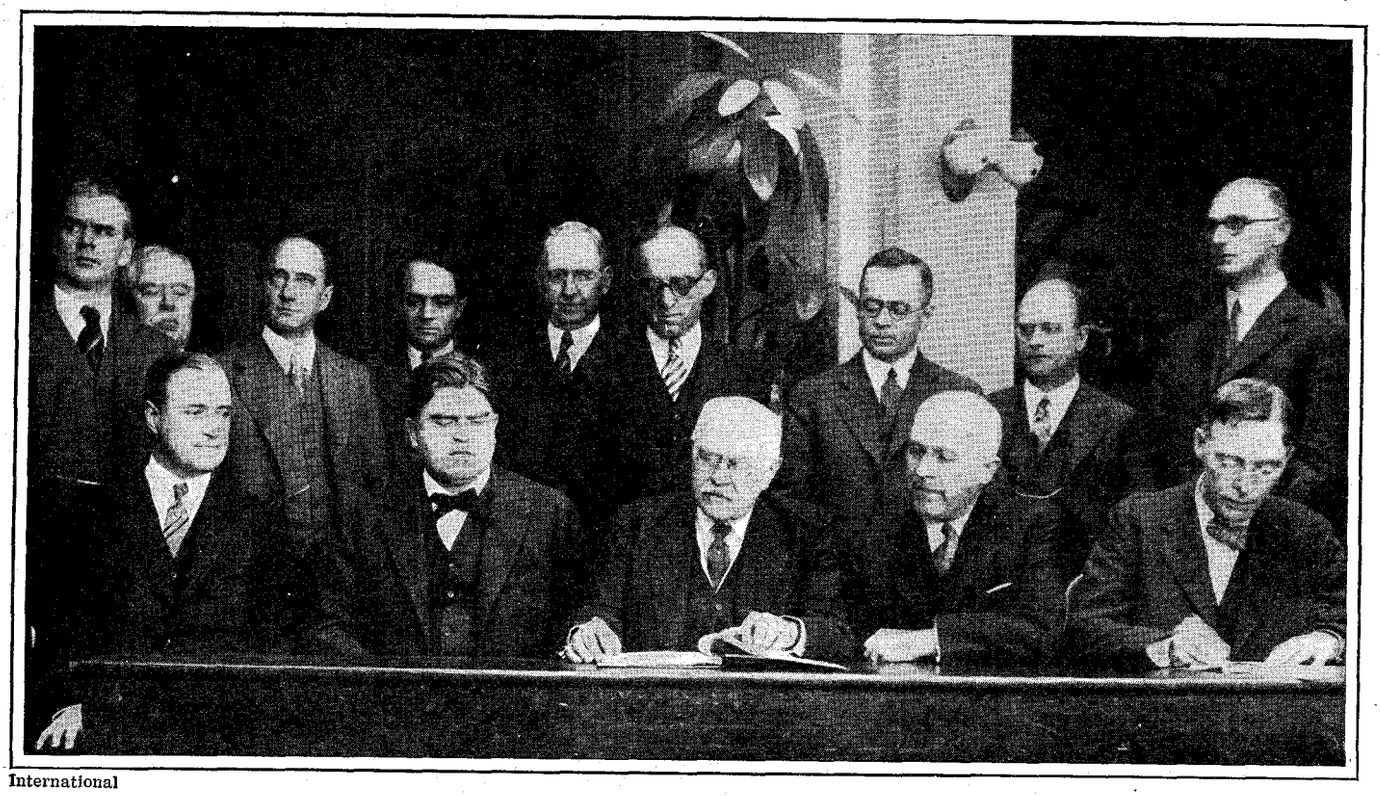

International

At the Signing of the Peace Treaty of Philadelphia

Gathered to End the Anthracite War: Seated (left to right) are R. F. Grant; John L. Lewis, heading the miners' union; Alvan Markle, representing the operators; W. W. Inglis; and J. A. Gorman. Standing are Andrew Mattey, Philip Murray, Thomas Thomas, Andrew M. Fine, Rinaldo Cappellini, George B. Hadesty, E. H. Suender, Thomas Kennedy, and J. B. Warriner

have had then what at great cost they have now. There is absolutely nothing in the terms of settlement which might not have been agreed upon without a strike.

Briefly those terms are as follows:

Work will be resumed under the terms of the old contract. Once each year either party may propose modifications of the wage scale. If after fifteen days of conference no agreement is reached, all issues in controversy will be referred to two outside men—one selected by each side from three candidates proposed by the other. If necessary, these two men may select a third. In ninety days these two (or three) men must reach a decision. By that decision both sides agree to be bound. Questions as to "co-operation and efficiency" are referred to the existing "Board of Conciliation," which shall proceed at once to "equalize wages" in accordance with the former contract. In all other respects the award of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission (established by President Roosevelt) shall continue in force for four and a half years.

Of course it would have been better if the combatants could have been forced by law to keep the peace. We do not allow gangs to fight in the streets, even though they might learn by experience. But in this instance Congress, in its wisdom or indolence, declining to consider the recommendations of the Hammond Commission and the President, provided no law. Lacking the authority of law, the President with wise self-restraint refused either to play the rôle of supplicant or, in the absence of compelling emergency, to bring to bear upon the combatants the extra-legal authority of his exalted position.

In support of the President's policy was the force of circumstances. Since the great anthracite strike of 1902 substitutes for anthracite have come into use. There is now no such dependence upon anthracite as there once was; and during the strike coal cellars which formerly knew only anthracite have been filled with coke or soft coal, or have been replaced by oil tanks, or have been altogether abandoned with the introduction of gas as a heating fuel. So the people, even if inconvenienced, could wait.

And wait they did—with admirable patience. They suffered discomfort, in some cases real privation; but they refused to be stampeded. They refused to be mobilized behind either of the warring forces. They ignored the yelping politicians. Since they could not clear the street of both gangs, they let them fight it out. They were simply amused by the action of the Senate in urging the President to do something without giving him authority to do anything. And by waiting they won. They followed the best of American traditions. At this time, when agitation for Government interference at every provocation has become a fad, it is most reassuring that some forty million people in the most densely populated and supposedly least American part of the country should show such distinctively American self-reliance.

Now that the people have established their freedom, let them keep it. Public opinion may well impress upon Congress the necessity of passing such a law as the President has asked for. In the future if coal miners and mine managers cannot reach a decision in a dispute then some tribunal should have the authority to reach a decision for them. Gangs have no inalienable right to settle their quarrels by fighting in the streets. Those who have a monopoly, whether of ownership or of labor, in a natural resource have no inalienable right to withhold that resource from use while they settle their own quarrels. The public right is paramount. The best way, however, for the people to secure their right is to see that the invasion of it becomes profitless. Many have learned that other fuels have certain advantages that anthracite lacks. They will serve themselves as well as the public by making these advantages known. A permanent market for these

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other fuels will have a wholesome effect upon those autocrats of labor and capital who have hitherto had the consumer at their mercy. Competitors will provide a more certain restraint upon them than any which Congress can devise.

An Apology

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

I OWE an apology to a department of American university education—the Schools of Journalism. But before expressing it let me explain the circumstances which make it necessary and proper.

Every thoughtful observer must recognize that in the journalism of the day there are two marked tendencies—one of betterment and one of deterioration. The tendency towards deterioration has been defined by the term "yellow journalism," a phrase which is now accepted as proverbial. Theodore Roosevelt engaged in active journalism for ten years—from the time he ceased to be President in 1909 until his death. His last act, on the evening before he suddenly and unexpectedly passed away, was to correct the proof of one of his editorials for the Kansas City "Star." In the first article of his career as a newspaper man, one which he contributed to The Outlook, he recognized the noxious tendency in American journalism in these words:

> Yellow journalism deifies the cult of the mendacious, the sensational, and the inane, and, throughout its wide but vapid field, does as much to vulgarize and degrade the popular taste, to weaken the popular character, and to dull the edge of the popular conscience as any influence under which the country can suffer. These men sneer at the very idea of paying heed to the dictates of a sound morality; as one of their number has cynically put it, they are concerned merely with selling the public whatever the public will buy—a theory of conduct which would justify the existence of every keeper of an opium den, of every foul creature who ministers to the vices of mankind.

The opposite tendency in journalism has no picturesque phrase to describe it, but it was well defined a few weeks ago by an editorial writer of the New York "Times" who conducts, in that admirable newspaper, a wise and readable department entitled "Topics of the Times:"

> A newspaper, to live a real life, must make a profit for its owner. But this may be, and with the best newspapers is, incidental to the accomplishment of other and higher ends. This is true to some degree of every business, but it is true in greater measure of newspapers than of other enterprises wherein the commercial aspect is of necessity more prominent. The newspaper is, or can be, highly efficient in the furthering of causes both good and bad. . . . If the publication of a newspaper is from one point of view a business, from others it is a sort of personal activity with the usual personal responsibilities.

The danger to American life of "yellow journalism," as it was defined by Roosevelt, does not appear to me to be very great. As a people we are generally sound and wholesome and eschew what is consciously vicious and corrupting. But there is an insidious danger in what may perhaps be called, for lack of a better term, mediocre journalism.

James Bryce, later Lord Bryce, the distinguished and beloved Ambassador from Great Britain to the United States, once said that the greatest danger that threatens democracies is mediocrity. Herodotus, two thousand years before him, intimated the same thing. Lord Bryce was a democrat in spirit although officially a British peer. He made a lifelong study of democracies in all parts of the world. He wrote a book on the constitutional and social structure of the United States which is a monument of wisdom and learning. It is the incomparable and unbeatable standard of its kind. His judgments on democracy are to be taken with confidence. Not corruption, not money worship, not bootlegging nor banditry, is the besetting sin of American life, but mediocrity. We are not bad, we Americans, but our tastes are rather commonplace. We appear to be contented with mediocre jazz, mediocre story magazines, mediocre conversation, mediocre pronunciation, mediocre movies, mediocre Senators and Congressmen, and last, but not least, with mediocre newspapers.

I once heard Martin Littleton, now an eminent lawyer of New York City, but formerly a citizen and attorney of Texas, say that Texas has more scenery and less to see, more cattle and less milk, more rivers and less water fit to drink, than any other State in the Union. Similarly it might be said that our American newspapers contain more printed matter and less literature than any other newspapers in the world, if measured by that favorite standard of statisticians, "per capita of population." About the only field of activity in which Americans will not tolerate mediocrity is sport. There we insist upon the highest form of excellence and the most careful system of training.

Whether our mediocrity creates the newspapers or the newspapers create our mediocrity is a puzzling question. I think it is probably a little of both. The spirit of genuine criticism even in our metropolitan papers seems to be moribund. In pointing out this defect I except the field of music; some of the most competent and discriminating judges of this art write daily for the New York papers. But our journalistic literary criticism consists largely of personalities and description. To find analytical and comparative interpretation of pictorial and plastic art we have to go to a monthly magazine and read in "Scribner's" the articles of Royal Cortissoz, the best of their kind, I venture to say, in the world. As for our dramatic criticism, it is with few exceptions amusingly puerile. I quote from some comments of the dramatic critics on popular plays now on the New York stage: "A performance so perfect that it stands just this side of paradise." "It reaches to the stars." "Keeps you trembling on the edge of your seat." "Brazen and bright." "Light, sparkling, debonair, and naughty." "Something doing every minute." These gems of appreciation, all taken from the critical columns of the best papers of New York, are quite comparable to the description by the manager who, in a current newspaper advertisement, calls the performance of "those snappy show girls" in his variety theater a "smashing burlesque wow."

With these charming examples of journalistic taste before me, I gave way to a not unnatural depression, and in two recent articles in The Outlook intimated that the lately inaugurated Schools of Journalism were rather useless appendages of our colleges and universities because there appeared to be nothing about them which was counteracting the tendencies towards the mediocrity above recorded. I confess I thought of them as mere technical or vocational schools, the

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chief purpose of which was to enable the reporter, when he got a job, to "pull down" a fatter weekly pay envelope. I spoke from ignorance, and I apologize.

Mr. Willard G. Bleyer, Director of the course in journalism in the University of Wisconsin, in a most courteous letter, which falls like coals of fire on my head, sends me a leaflet stating the general principles and standards of education for journalism adopted by the Association of American Schools and Departments of Journalism. I had said in one of my articles that what the newspaper writer needs, male or female, daily or weekly, is a sound, liberal education, a broad and discriminating knowledge of the history and literature, first of his own country, and then such as he has time to get of other times and other countries. I find that the associated schools of journalism are of the same opinion. For their leaflet begins by saying:

Because of the importance of newspapers and periodicals to society and government, adequate preparation is as necessary for all persons who desire to engage in journalism as it is for those who intend to practice law or medicine. No other profession has a more vital relation to the welfare of society and to the success of democratic government than has journalism. No other profession requires a wider range of knowledge or greater ability to apply such knowledge to current events and problems than does journalism. Adequate preparation for journalism, therefore, must be sufficiently broad in scope to familiarize the future journalist with the important fields of knowledge, and sufficiently practical to show the application of the knowledge to the practice of journalism.

After this admirable preamble the leaflet sets forth twelve specific requirements which are considered essential in any well-conducted school of journalism. I wish I had space to quote them all. Requirement No. 4, however, will sufficiently indicate their high quality. It is stated "that the four-year course required for the bachelor's degree in journalism shall normally include history, economics, government and politics, sociology, literature, natural science, and psychology or philosophy. A reading knowledge of at least one modern foreign language is desirable."

Here is a scheme of education broad enough for any man or woman into whatever trade or profession he or she may enter. If faithfully followed by teachers and pupils, it may make of our American newspapers the greatest engines of popular culture that the world has ever known. I take off my hat to the directors and professors of the Schools of Journalism who have adopted the leaflet I have quoted as the expression of their creed and purpose.

Passenger's Log

On Board S. S. President Roosevelt

By MARY WASHBURN BALDWIN

WHEN she wrote this diary, Mrs. Baldwin was on her way to Europe to join her husband, Dr. Elbert F. Baldwin, of The Outlook's editorial staff. An experienced traveler, she had no expectation of an adventurous experience. What happened to the steamship President Roosevelt, on which she was a passenger, has already been told in the daily press of the world, but not with the graphic skill of this simple and thrilling narrative.—THE EDITORS.

THURSDAY, January 21, 1926. This trip is a perfect joke. My thirty-seventh, and a winter crossing. I was all set for uproarious things. This is Thursday evening. We might well be on a Hudson River boat. Up here in the writing-room is vibration from the engines, in my cabin it is absolutely motionless. But it is amazingly restful after my busy month at home. I slept nine hours. I have all my pictures and pretties about and am having a fine time with myself. Such a nice lot of people!

Sunday, 24th of January. The *foregoing* is the joke. For ever since Thursday we have been piling up the most amazing seas. At midnight my steward —none other than little Miller, who crossed with us three years ago on the Van Buren—came in and screwed on both iron shutters. The wind was beginning to sing. At four this morning came radio S. O. S. reporting the 8,000-ton Antinoe in dire distress. The Roosevelt (you would know T. R. would) instantly left our course to follow indicated trouble. Every one on board, I believe, has been watching out over these wind-swept mountainous seas. I was on the glass-covered deck, saw a huge wave bearing down, stepped aside, and two big, heavy panes of glass burst and fell at my feet. The steward came running, but I was only drenched to the knees. We were rolling beyond belief—the story-book waves-ran-mountains-high effect.

Later; Noon. Great excitement; boat Antinoe sighted. There she sits, steering gear deranged, half of bridge and lifeboats gone, bulkheads started, cargo of wheat soaked, and cabins flooded. Utterly impossible to reach her. Terrific seas prevent near approach. Captain Tose [of the Antinoe] still hopes to adjust his trouble and hold his own. Commander Fried promises to stand by. Twenty-five men are depending on us. Our staterooms, the entire ship in chaos. Several are hurt, my friend Mrs. W. has broken her ankle. Overturned furniture smashed and crockery shattered. We think of those twenty-five poor souls hanging on our nearness and encouragement. Every one eager to share, to see it through. It is hazardous to move about. Spent the afternoon in a screwed-down chair in the Social Hall. Could watch through the porthole behind me. Couch, tables, chairs with people in and about them were picked up by a davenport, accompanied by a stout gentleman, and all landed on the other side of the boat in a heap. You never saw such a genial lot of people. Only a few were frankly scared; first voyage, etc. Dr. Cochran, of the American Church, Paris, on board with his nice sister and niece. Commercial Attaché Miller is on his way to his new post in Rome. It really is too rough to write. Our engine is going just enough to help discount storm.

Sunday night. Sleet and rain, waves like bombs batter the ship. I wish you could see my stateroom. Trunk and chair brought up under the wash-stand; my bed pulled the securing hooks out by the roots, and moved right out into the

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middle of the floor with me in it. It's all in the game—but it was a joke to think of a Hudson River excursion. The Roosevelt is splendidly seaworthy, and Captain Fried's spirit an inspiration to all. The general morale excellent.

Monday. I am sure Conrad and brother Eb would appreciate the sea we have to-day. Rain and sleet. The Antinoe disappeared last night in a blinding snow-storm. She had been reported to be getting into safer shape, so they hope she has not gone down. It is a day of fearful apprehension. The buffeted Roosevelt has searched twelve hours; forty-foot waves and ninety-mile wind. In the companionway "T. R." looks down from a copy of the familiar Sargent portrait. He would stick this out, we know. The seas are worse than yesterday. A certain few are getting bored and cross, but a man who protested in a note to the Captain, and wished to proceed for an engagement on Saturday, was nearly thrown overboard. Rejoinders to a flapper of forty who decided we had heard enough of the "ethics of the sea" were not conducive to further similar comments by others.

The stewards are fine. They are hard put to it. They give one a dish at a time—just cannot keep anything literally on the table. The silly dining-room chairs, charming mahogany ones that really belong to a summer-home equipment, are not screwed down, so we are all roped together at meals and let in and out by the steward. In this respect this boat is not fashioned for the North Atlantic in winter. All the wandering Social Hall chairs have been lassoed and are corralled by themselves in a corner. Despite all the tumult, every one seems to be diligently eating.

P & A Photos

Captain Fried, of the S. S. President Roosevelt

I really have deserted my cabin, as my trunk and chair leap blithely around after me and charge at me maliciously from under the bed while I am dressing. It is dreadful, but there is a funny side. Flappers were in shrieks of amusement yesterday, but the novelty grows less; yearnings "to proceed" appear. But we shall stand by. We shall surely find them yet. This is the only chance this poor boat has, and ultimately the storm *must* abate. We are just uncomfy; they are desperate. We get no word. The inference is that their radio is out of commission but that they still float. I am planted in a deep puffy chair at the head of the stairs, where nothing but the clock and the fire-extinguisher could fall upon or charge at me. People go by with varying opinions, but are pretty unanimous not to give up the hunt. These Antinoe people are English; they will stick by. Anyway, it is up to us; it is the ethics of the sea, and of humanity; nothing must be left undone. We are cruising slowly, round and round, buffeted terribly.

Monday afternoon. Thrills! The lost boat is found. There she is in a hollow of the sea. Such a sea! Our many turnings in the search have flung us all over the place. The Antinoe has a terrible list, rudder and bridge gone, anxiety intense. The Roosevelt edges close to the doomed wave-swept boat. Desolate

Wide World Photos

The members of the S. S. President Roosevelt's boat crews which rescued the Antinoe's men. Top row, left to right, Cosmo Franelich, Adolph Albertz, Alex Fugelsang, Otto Wilke, D. Caldwell; middle row, left to right, M. Jacobowitz, Wilson Beers, Charles Diaz, Chief Officer Robert Miller, Third Officer Thomas Sloan, John Hahn, Juan Arenada, Frank Roberts; bottom row, left to right, Joannes Bauer, Sam Fisher, Alfred Wall, and Herman Reidel

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spectacle. Rescue implored. A stupendous afternoon. Eight of our men volunteer for a rescue, led by our First Officer Miller. Commander Fried draws on our own fuel supply to pump oil on the waves. Eager manning and lowering of boat. Just as the boat descends comes a sudden squall of terrific wind. An attempt to reverse the order is too late. Three men are washed from the boat, but get back. She is lifted on a hill of green water, overtaken by a comber, and suddenly all are floundering in an oily sea. Frantic throwing of ropes and life-preservers. Six of the eight are dragged back on board. Two are lost. One, knocked senseless, disappears. The other drifts away, waving his arm, and passes within ten feet of the Antinoe, too exhausted to respond to their efforts. This boy was to have been married on landing. Took communion on deck, sent a radio message to his girl, $12 of his wages—and went—

Monday evening. It has been a tremendous experience, if we can only make good. The thought of those twenty-five marooned men brought out our boys instanter. They know what the peril of the sea signifies. This calm, unconscious, spontaneous heroism casts a glow over all. Dr. Cochran responded to the general need and at ten to-night a touching memorial service of prayer was held. Four of our battered, bandaged boys came in. The sea is so rough all are obliged to sit on the floor. The Captain had prayed all night that we might find the wandering boat. None are without supplicating hearts to-night. May to-morrow mean successful effort and all safely out of this dangerous, tumultuous zone! Toward dawn a calmer sea is apt to come. One just doesn't undress these nights. Nothing matters but the deliverance of these men.

Tuesday, January 26, 4 A.M. A few hours' sleep. Another gale. Cabin in a tumult, noisy with booming water, trundling trunk, etc. Ten disabled, armless, legless chairs are huddled in a corner near my cabin. I came up here in the companionway. Several have been here all night. The Roosevelt has continuously circled about the wreck all night, fearing the Antinoe might again drift from us in the darkness. Frequent careening turns in trough of sea make great confusion. Dawn comes and the forlorn old boat is still visible. What must these hours have meant to those poor beings over there! We approach closely, see men running about the deck. Surely we must succeed to-day. The two young lives lost yesterday sadden our ship.

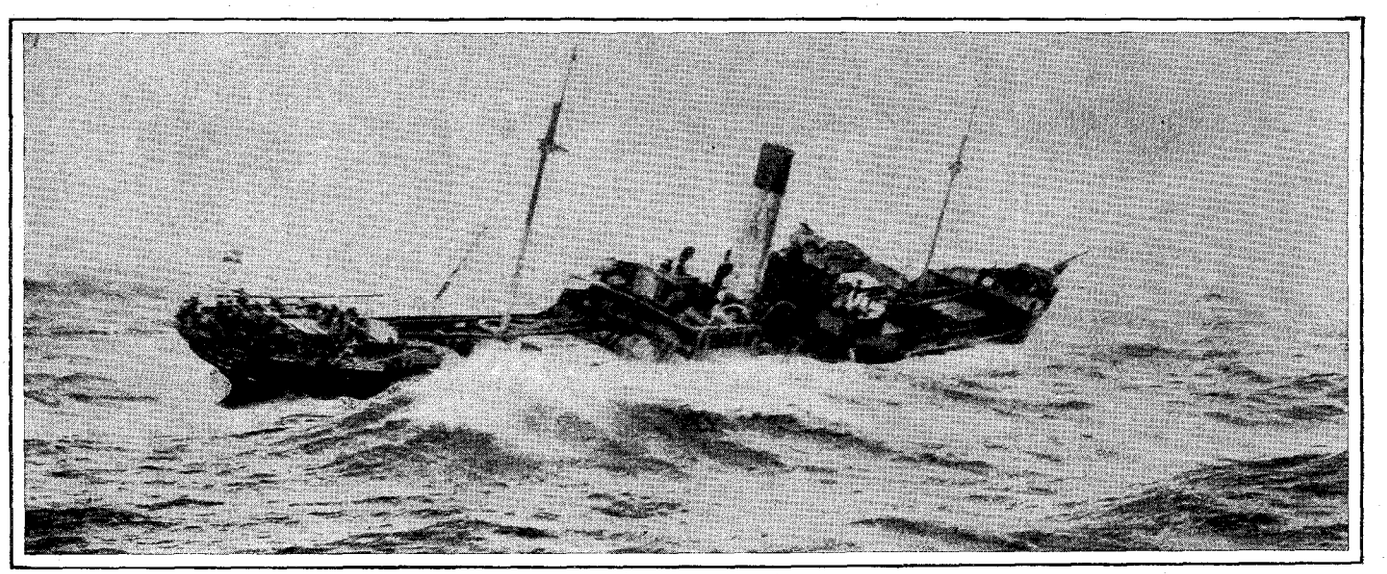
10:30 A.M. More heavy squalls, every one squeamish about risking more of our men. Antinoe urges help. Many vain attempts are made to land a rope with cannon and rockets. *One* remaining charge is left. Our hearts stand still. Charge falls short. Renewed talk of another attempt to launch a crew. As usual, the effort is discounted by a stiff gale with sleet and snow. Everything seems futile. General despair. Frantic signals from Antinoe.

2:30 P.M. We are beside ourselves with apprehension. Projectiles are all used up. Sending more rockets perfectly helpless in this wind. We passed parlously near the wreck, signals insistent that but short time left. It becomes monstrously horrible.

3:50 P.M. Only an hour more of daylight, and all efforts fail. Three of our sailors actually offer to swim across. This, after yesterday! No one could live half an hour in this winter sea. It certainly is in the hands of the Lord. "Of ourselves we can do nothing." Situation seems beyond human aid. Night settles down again ominously. The wind comes up. A sort of calmness of despair, or faith, seems to settle upon us. People ask each other indignantly why we are not all on our knees. But, figuratively, I am sure our spirits really *are* on their knees. Hasty searching of Psalms—"The waves of the sea are mighty; the Lord, who dwelleth on high, is mightier." "Whoso dwelleth under the defense of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." (This Ninety-first Psalm, he claims, took Stanley through his Rumanian campaign!) "I will say of the Lord, He is my hope, my stronghold; my God; in Him will I trust." "His faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler." "He shall call upon me and I will hear him, yea, I am with him in trouble, I will deliver him." How dynamic the Psalms! Just to copy this helps.

We frame up a message to the Captain. To-night, with seeming failure as a result of his heroic persistency and resourcefulness—to-night we should register our affectionate devotion to our leader in whom the deep responsibility of this great venture is vested. Just suppose we had a captain who was a quitter and we perforce sailing away leaving these hapless men. He is doing for us each an endless boon.

Later. Another attempt at ten to-night to launch a boat. A little flickering light tells horrible fear of sudden foundering. Again the deck is alive with quick feet. Ropes, chains, ladders, and nets in heaps for readiness. Our searchlight brings the plunging hulk out against the black sky, so nearly reeling over with each sweep of the sea that men urge their wives to leave the deck lest the boat go down before their eyes. New volunteers stand ready; then, as so often before, a sudden wind and blinding squall of snow. Our men, all shining rubber coats and life-preservers, are ordered down to wait



P. & A. Photos

The Antinoe at the mercy of the gale

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another chance. Yet another trial at 1:30 A.M., but again the order canceled. But a trailer boat is released with half a mile of cable, but is lost.

Wednesday, January 28. 10:30 A.M. Very rough. The sun is out and every effort being made. Impossible to risk a crew. I watched the third lifeboat launched from our shipside, trail at our stern. Again we got so close to the Antinoe it seems we could throw a line across. Our boat tries to jockey the lifeboat into position, in circling the wreck with a long rope, but the heavy sunken cable passes under the Antinoe's keel. We come terribly near in all this maneuvering. Finally, this lifeboat is also lost. Crew and passengers keeping up wonderfully. They seem to find a second wind and fresh poise. Our ship's morale is high. That all helps.

Later—Wednesday. The officers make heavier projectiles overnight. Finally, at one o'clock, Boom!—and a shot at last carries a rope across the Antinoe's deck. Apparently snatched by every man there! Wild shouts of joy from both boats. The rope attached here to a lifeboat. Every one nearly weeping with thankfulness. Suddenly they wigwag from the Antinoe heartbreaking disappointment. Terrific strain has snapped the cable. Squalls follow an icy wind. Quick aid implored. Situation desperate. Late in the afternoon passengers feel renewed apprehension over proposed launching of another crew. On the way to my cabin I meet our gentle little Miller, my steward. All buttoned up tight in his blue uniform.

"I am leaving to-night," he tells me quietly.

"Where to?" I ask.

"As soon as it's calmer Captain can use volunteers," he answers.

I protested, "But, Miller, you've a wife and two children."

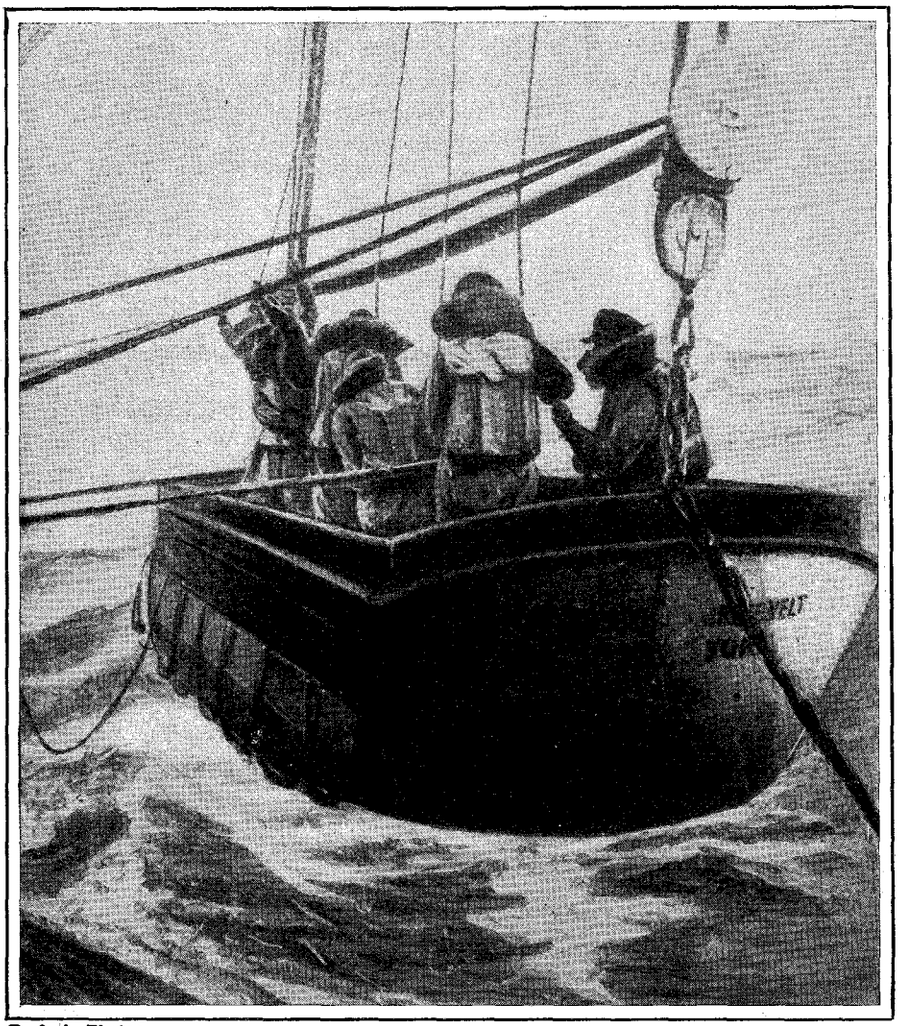
"How many children have those men over there?" he rejoins. He looks so small and pitiful.

"But you are not really so very strong, Miller," I venture.

"I was in the Navy nine years," and off he goes.

It seems he has hounded the officers, appeared life-preserver and all in readiness. I found him later on deck, weeping. Of course they had turned him down. All was ready when the usual squall arose; we seem to have a mortgage on all of the unrest of the Atlantic!

Bit by bit a quieter mood is evident on the ocean. It begins to clear overhead. However, it is with apprehensive hearts we see the lifeboats and a fresh crew of determined men lowered from the upper deck. It has grown quite dark. Breathlessly we watch them pull loose from our ship. They were launched to take advantage of the wind. The Roosevelt steams to the farther side of the Antinoe to give the same advantage in the return trip to us. It seems incredible, for in forty minutes we saw them on the way back. The moon had emerged. They came on in the full radiance of our ship's searchlight with half of the Antinoe's men. Can you think how all those upturned faces looked to us?



P. & A. Photos

The lifeboat starting on the brief voyage that cost the lives of two gallant men

Many collapsed on deck; one was carried by on a stretcher, unconscious. We were hustled behind a stretched rope and saw them pass to the warm cabins and the care prepared for them; a dazed, worn, bewildered lot. I was on pins and needles before they got out the second boat, lest this treacherous sea rise again. The prow of the lifeboat had been smashed by the pounding wreck during the rescue.

Finally, at midnight, the second trip was safely consummated. It seemed incredible, a miracle. Again the heavy lifeboat floundered back with the remaining thirteen. The waiting had seemed interminable to those on the wreck, so the wireless man, Evans, told me later; they suspected their number, thirteen, might queer their chances. Captain Tose, of the Antinoe, was carried on deck, taken up to the bridge (the Englishman as ever the courteous gentleman at sea) to thank our Commander, and then fainted, utterly spent. Up they all came and our own splendid men. We all gathered up front, shouting for Commander Fried. He came out on the bridge. So fine. He said simply, "It has taken a long time, but it is worth it." We all said "Amen" in our hearts. It was stirring, solemn. The supremely exalting experience of a lifetime, the very symbol of human dependence, a faith justified. It is all well-nigh incredible. Personally, it seemed to me we should be sailing back and forth, round and round, for the rest of our lives. It was hard to remember there ever had been, ever would be, anything of importance again, so completely dedicated and absorbed did we become sharing vicariously in this supreme effort.

The great whistle sounds our departure. Like our searchlight to-night, the unconscious selfless heroism and devotion casts a radiance over all, as with thankful, reverent spirit we start full speed ahead on our course. Above us a bright moon, a starry sky.

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Photograph from National Lumber Manufacturers Association

Loading a Douglas Fir Log from Cableway to Railroad

The Apogee of Logging

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

THE splendid fabric of American industry is like a tapestried picture in which broad surfaces repeat over and over the same patterns, but here and there some unique and superlative scene stands forth, compelling our attention. Chicago's stockyards and packing-houses, for example. The electrochemical plants at Niagara Falls. The Lake Superior iron ranges. There are perhaps a score of these salient spots, well scattered from coast to coast, and one of them is the logging and lumbering industry of the Pacific Northwest.

The theater of this industry embraces nearly the whole of Washington and Oregon west of the Cascades and a large part of British Columbia. Exclusive of the Canadian portion, it is about 54,000 square miles in extent; an area equal to that of the New England States, with New Jersey added. The timbered region is mostly rugged and mountainous, and this fact, coupled with the enormous size of the trees and the dense growth of the forests, helps to explain why forest engineering has risen here to greater heights of achievement than anywhere else in the world. The scale of operations is proportioned, not only to dealing with trees 150 to 250 feet high and six to ten feet in diameter, but especially to tapping the richest reservoir of timber wealth remaining in this country; one from which steady streams flow westward to Japan, China, and Australasia, and eastward, by way of the Panama Canal, to the Atlantic seaboard of the United States. The 7,000-mile voyage from Puget Sound to Eastern American ports is now performed by a fleet of 250 lumber carriers, whose cargoes last year totaled a billion and a half board feet.

The so-called Douglas fir region—where several species of timber are cut besides Douglas fir—illustrates the striking changes that the business of logging has undergone in America in comparatively recent times; mainly since the beginning of the present century. A generation ago it was a business of brawn rather than brain. To-day it is imbued with the spirit of scientific forestry and equipped with the machinery of modern mechanical engineering. The improvements in its methods and apparatus are equaled, if not surpassed, by the changes for the better that have taken place in the living conditions of the laborers employed by the great lumber companies.

In the Northwest power-driven appliances have universally displaced animals in both stages of moving logs—viz., the "yarding" or "skidding" from the stump to the loading place, and the subsequent haul to the mill. In the first stage three principal methods are in use. In "ground yarding" the log is dragged over the ground by a cable at ground level; in "high-lead" yarding it is dragged over the ground by a cable leading to a block attached near the top of a so-called "spar tree;" in "overhead yarding" the log is attached to a trolley which travels along a cable suspended between two spar trees, or sometimes between a tree and a portable steel mast. In all three methods the hauling is done by a stationary engine—steam or electric. The overhead method is the one that appeals most forcibly to the imagination, and that has come to be known as characteristic of Douglas-fir logging, though it actually originated in the Eastern States, where it

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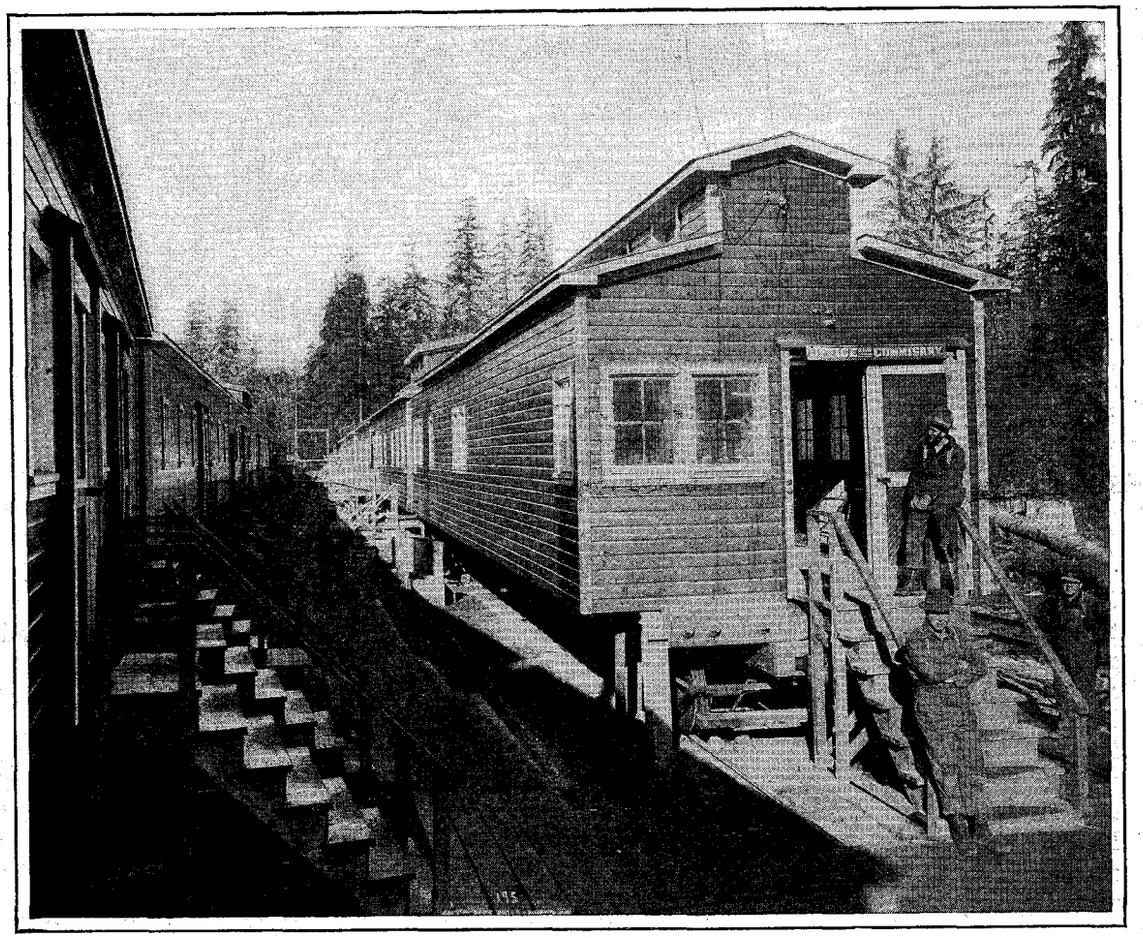
Lodgings for Sylvan Sybarites

Mechanical improvements in logging are paralleled by the changes recently wrought in the living conditions of the lumberjacks, especially in the Pacific Northwest, where the typical logging camp now provides the cuisine of a first-class hotel, daily hot baths, and a varied programme of entertainment. Probably no other group of industrial workers in the world enjoys such luxuries. The buildings here shown are on railroad tracks and are hauled, as occasion requires, over the logging railroads. These "Pullmans," as the lumbermen call them, are electric-lighted and steam-heated. A refrigerating plant forms part of the equipment



Photograph from National Lumber Manufacturers Association

Photograph from United States Forest Service

Where Machinery Has Not Replaced Muscle

Mechanical power reigns almost supreme in modern large-scale logging and lumbering, but the felling of the tree is still a manual operation. The picture shows a big Douglas fir after the "undercut" has been made with saw and ax. This wedge-shaped notch determines the direction of fall. The next step is to make the "felling cut," on the opposite side of the trunk, and this is done with the saw. When the saw has buried itself in the wood, steel wedges are driven in behind it to prevent binding. Several power felling machines have been devised, but they have proved too heavy and bulky for transportation in the forest and for rapid removal from the vicinity of falling timber

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is still much used. In nearly all large-scale operations the haul to the mill is over the logging railroads that ramify through the forests.

The lumber camps of this region vie in interest with the cableways, because they are the antithesis of everything that the term "lumber camp" has stood for in the past. Does a lumberjack continue to be one though he subsist on Lucullian viands, take a daily hot bath, and have nightly entertainments provided for him aboard the "logging Pullmans" in which he deigns to dwell for a season, while helping costly machinery coax logs out of their sylvan lairs? Or should some more dignified appellation be invented for the intelligent men—nearly all American-born, and many of them college-bred—who form the rank and file of forest workers in the land of the Douglas fir?

The Future of the Federal Reserve Bank

By Don C. Seitz

Those Who Own the Banks vs. Those Who Own the Money

WHAT is to be the future of the Federal Reserve banking system, which must soon be rechartered? Created primarily as a servant of the member banks, its useful functions reached their apex during the World War and the inflated period that followed. Decrease in the amount of money, and credit required to finance industry, due to lowered costs and lessening of output, has reduced the business of the System to a point where its rediscounts and bill purchases now represent about twelve per cent of its assets. This small sum will not successfully sustain the huge concerns installed in costly buildings, created during a time when the relation of loans to assets was as 70 is to 30.

During that period abnormal profits were produced, all, of course, a tax on industry. The System can, and does, regulate interest rates, a dangerous power when employed to protect banking operations. Shielded behind its dictum, banks can easily choke competition in discount rates.

The charge is freely made that the Federal Reserve System "liquidated" the war-time inflation too rapidly. What it really did by its course was to leave the business public to the tender mercies of the banks which needed the business themselves and were able to take care of it without rediscounting. The Federal Reserve action tightened their grip. Of course, the Federal Reserve *per se* has no control over rediscounting. That rests with the member banks. But it could, and did, aid in the squeeze by raising interest rates to their vast benefit.

With rediscounting at a low ebb, its single resource is the buying of bills in the open market. In doing this, however, it becomes a competitor with member banks, and as the servant, not the master of them, it is too much to expect large operations in this direction. Established primarily to relieve banks whose stock of currency might run low by permitting a rediscount of commercial paper, for which it issued notes of its own making that pass as currency, it adjusts its circulation to the amount of rediscounting in force.

National banks are finding it more profitable to give up their own note circulation privilege, which requires investment in Government bonds to be deposited in the Treasury as security for notes issued, and draw upon the Federal in case of need. They thus avoid a tax and are not affected by fluctuations in the price of bonds or low rate of interest earned by them, but can rest comfortably on a downy bed of commercial paper, short-lived in its nature and quickly turned over, while the bonds are "frozen."

The economic operations of the Bank of England have always been highly favorable to British trade and industry. Its elastic note system furnishes ample currency, and its responsive interest rates always operate in favor of business at home and abroad. Here banking is, and always has been, a parasite. The capital invested bears little or none of the risk, earnings being gained through the sale of money belonging to others, with a disregard for convenience and a frequency of inside jobbing that has produced more than one panic and compelled the surrender of many enterprises to the controllers of funds not their own.

What the business of the country needs is a banking system that shall be its servant, not its master. The Federal Reserve System contains this possibility, but not as now operated.

Yet its machinery suggests a great economic possibility. Mr. Henry Ford, backed by Mr. Edison, has suggested a currency based upon commodities. These are apt to become "frozen" through over-production, lack of market, or various commercial mistakes. Not so a currency based upon actual transactions. This is precisely the nature of the Federal Reserve note.

As now exercised, the bank has the power to issue currency against rediscounted paper. It is not a far step to permit this franchise to extend to real paper, as it does now to bankers' bills. These notes expand or shrink according to requirements, and when returned to their source, like the notes of the Bank of England, are destroyed.

Is it a wild suggestion to affirm that the Federal Reserve can readily be made the master, instead of the servant, of the banks? With vast plants established in the great centers of its several sections, with rediscounting on the wane as the requirements of traffic lessen through decrease in values, if not in volume, may it not be compelled to take over what is called banking in various forms in order to maintain itself?

Certainly so huge an organization cannot live on its fat alone, or, in short, work for nothing and board itself. The Edge Law has established a system of corporate banking for handling foreign invoices that points the way. Deposits are not required. The bank purchases bills, charges for the service and risk of selling them, and does not overtax trade or make its money off the deposits of others. It is strictly a service system. There ought to be brains enough to extend the idea to domestic commerce, and relieve it from an enormous load that benefits the few stockholders at the expense of the people who either borrow or own the money. In round figures, we have but $8,000,000,000 in currency of all kinds, against $38,000,000,000 on deposit. The $38,000,000,000 is in the vaults as notes, bonds, or mortgages. With the comparatively small amount of real money needed, the Federal Reserve note, elastic and dependable, would seem to be in a position to solve the country's financial problems if properly utilized.

Will there not arise a demand from farmers and manufacturers alike for a service that will meet the needs of traffic as it swells or recedes with loans in the form of redeemable notes, backed both by the resources of the Government and

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the securities in hand? And will the demand not find an answer in the adoption of the Federal Reserve to this need? Already bankers are worrying over the fear that "politics" will get into the System. How can it get in unless it takes control of the great machine away from banking ownership, and, with the Treasury gold as a margin, seeks to do the business of the country on the basis of cost for service and not for profit? How much has business been "sweated" from the beginning of time by interest earned without risk paid to others than those who own the money? Is it improbable that the bankers of America will before long have a Frankenstein monster on their hands?

The Men of Minnesota

A Land-Grant University Typical of the Northwest

By GEORGE MARVIN

IT is not an invidious distinction to say, from the point of view of a visitor from a far country, that the male of the species in Minnesota are more impressive than the female. The latter are impressive enough, but the *motif* of things is decidedly masculine; it is a man's State, a man's locality, a man's University of Minnesota. And this in spite of the very, and continually, evident flavor of co-educationalism rampant through the halls and the highways and byways of the State University, standing up materially like the citadel of immaterial strength that it is to the people of the State, at the head of navigation on the Mississippi River. Geographically in Minneapolis, it is in reality of alumni and local pride and in the possession of its Agricultural Department shared by the city of St. Paul. With the championship State Fair, the Ford plant, and Fort Snelling, the University is the joint heritage and asset of the Twin Cities of Minnesota.

That deadly standardization which the big clothing manufacturers and self-constituted style makers have everywhere imposed upon the race, trammeling its youthful self-expression and hobbling its independence and originality, is more noticeably survived by the men of the Northwest than by the women. The sisterhood of this vigorous university are all bobbed, all shod, all women's-weared alike. They walk and talk and look and cafetear their way through meals alike. The feet of the young men of Minnesota step to a cadence of their own; the tyranny of the barber or the haberdasher or the wholesale bunk-plus clothing manufacturer has not altogether branded them. In a liberally constituted and governed university community they still keep a corresponding appearance of freedom which is a true index of their attitude of mind. Less radically, but no less independently, than their brother-State University of Wisconsin, while acknowledging too much Federal Government and reflecting the sometimes perplexing changes of State politics, they are opposed to the juntas of self-seeking oligarchies organized to control the necessities of life, thought, or wearing apparel. In the late summer session, rumors of football in the air with the first premonitory breath of Minnesota's early autumn, "fall styles" in the 'Varsity shops, and vacation thoughts beginning to strengthen towards the picking up of welcome tasks, this is the abiding echo of "this man's" college of the robust North. Minnesota says it in speech frankly, and no less frankly in the multitudinous expression of level eyes, in natural manners, in the very way of moving and well-being.

And in no way does masculine "Min-

The University of Minnesota has had compulsory military training since its foundation. Most land-grant universities have this requirement in their deeds of grant under the Morrill Act of 1862, but some of them evade it by interpretation. It is mandatory on all men students at Minnesota during the first two years. This is War Department inspection of the Minnesota Unit R. O. T. C., twenty-five hundred strong

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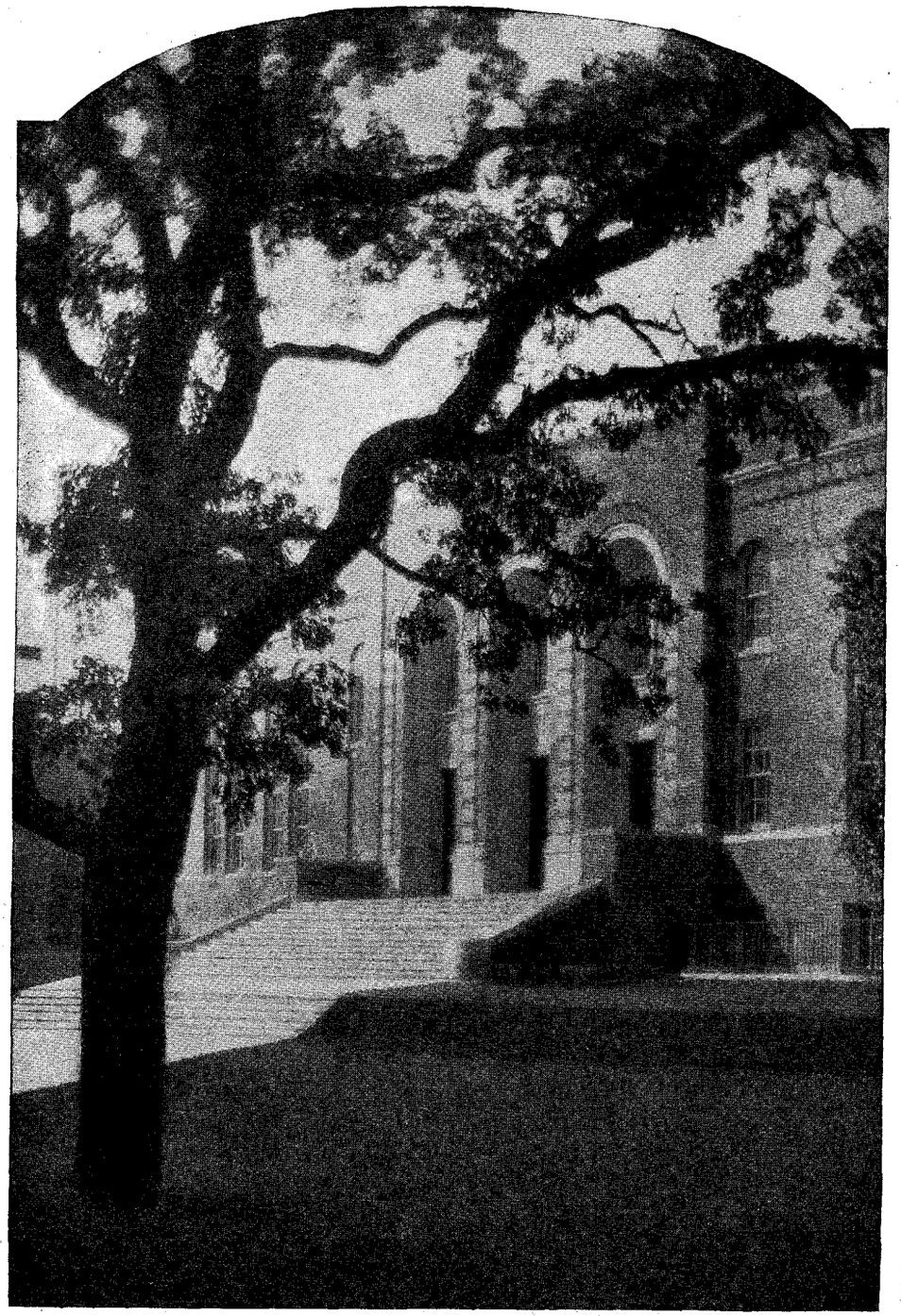

Music Hall at the Heart of the Campus

nesota" collectively express its liberty more than when it gets itself into uniform and conforms to the citizenship requirement of all beneficiaries in "land-grant" colleges. Again, it is not an invidious distinction to thrill over the uniformity of service while resenting the uniformity of "selling." Minnesota is not sold. It serves.

Even to those who do not run while they read the difference between a "land-grant" university and other institutions of learning is probably not entirely clear. To most of us a college is a college, a university is a college, and *vice versa;* State appropriations are merged with Standard Oil and Steel foundations on the same basis in the relations of intercollegiate sport; Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Virginia, Illinois, Stanford, are in current reference merely different names for the same academic detachment from business. West Point may be one thing and Annapolis quite another, but to the trustees and the alumni of "Trinity," in the rich tobacco lands of South Carolina, "Duke" smells, with forty million dollars attached to another name, evidently at least as sweet.

Minnesota is a typical land-grant college, and by so much of its definition, leaving out of consideration its marked local and individual differences, it is to be distinguished from such other privately endowed institutions as, for example, Tulane in Louisiana, Reed in Oregon, or Chicago in Illinois. The development of higher education in this State is in its origin and general character illustrative of what has gone on in nearly all of the States of the Middle and the Northwest during the last seventy-five years. Their joint and separate histories begin in the Ordinance of 1787, which formulated the relations between the Northwest Territory—out of which were carved one by one the newer States of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota—and the original federation of the United States. Ratified by the first Congress under the Constitution, it set aside two full townships of the public domain in each successively organized commonwealth for the endowment of "seminaries of learning," and it established the educational relationship of the State to the settlers in its frontier Territories by the often-quoted assurance that

> Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged.

Accordingly, in 1851 the act of Congress organizing the Territory of Minnesota reserved out of the public tracts, to which the Indian title had been calmly extinguished, "two entire townships of land for the use and support of a university." That meant seventy-two sections of well-timbered real estate or 46,080 acres of tangible assets to be realized either by sale or lease or as securities for bond issues. A later act of Congress in 1870 exactly doubled the usual Territorial land grant to the new State of Minnesota, which thus acquired 92,160 acres for its seminary-university.

The land grants were of great importance in the history of the West because they placed in trust with each State a fund for higher education and because they established an implied relationship of mutual service between the State, in its Federal as well as in its separate sense, and the people of young commonwealths. This relationship was further emphasized and given a particular bearing during the dark days of the Civil War, when, in 1862, Senator Morrill's Act, passed by a Congress saddened and made more resolute by Northern defeats, appropriating further public lands to the endowment of State universities—"30,000 acres for each Senator and Representative in Congress"—provided for the institutions thus benefited that "the leading object shall be, without excluding other classical and scientific studies, *and including military tactics,* to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts."

Minnesota has always stood up to this relationship. The first University Faculty, organized in 1869 by President Folwell, included among its eight other members General R. W. Johnson, who was catalogued as "Professor of Military

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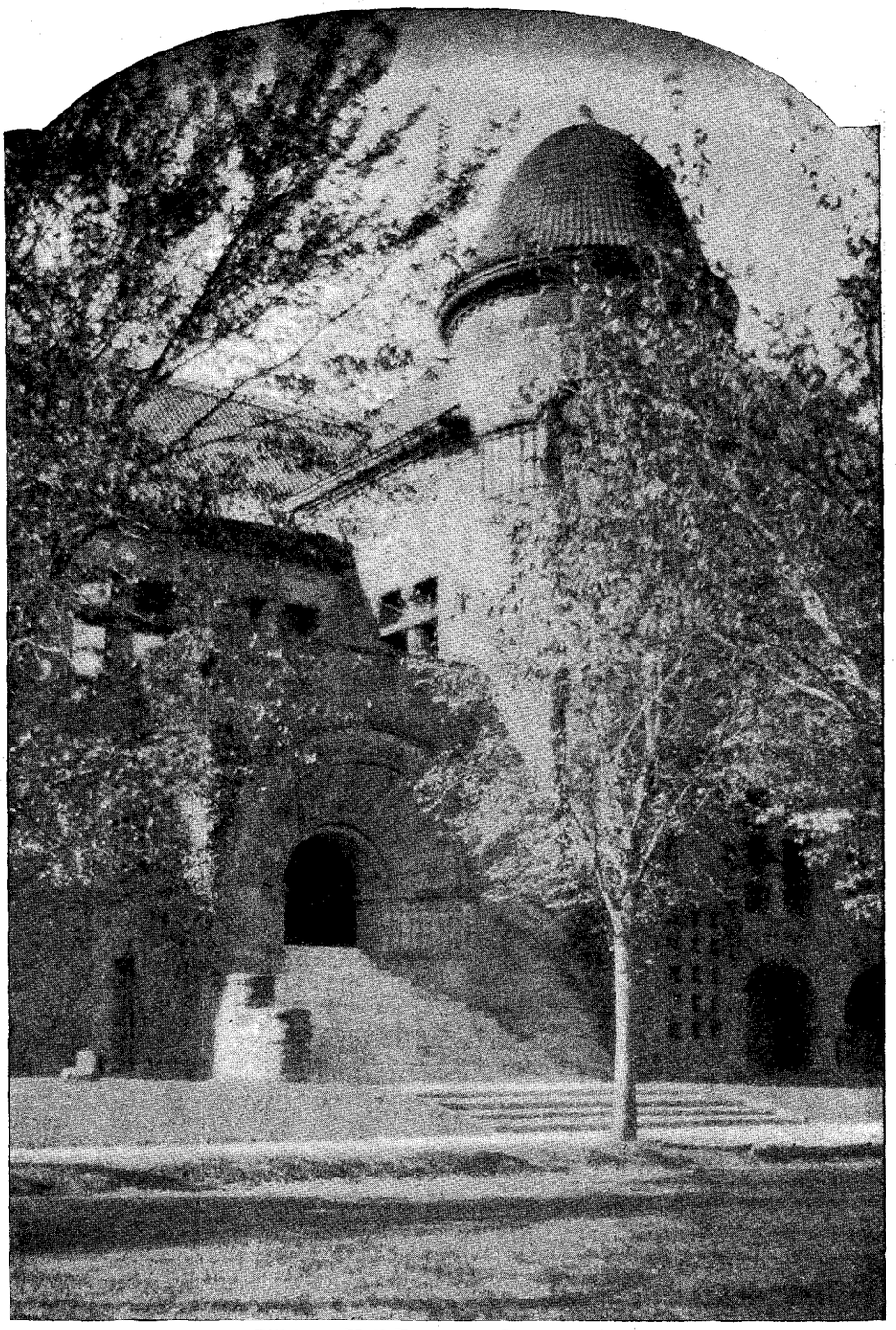
Science and Tactics," a designation still retained by Major Bernard Lentz, who heads the Military Department and commands the Minnesota battalions to-day. Military training has had a definite place in the curriculum of the University of Minnesota for more than half a century. President Folwell, now at ninety-two Emeritus, may be seen any day working in the University Library on Volume III of his "History of Minnesota," a work which he regards both as a privilege and as a duty. And the grandsons of the young men he first taught fifty-six years ago recognize the duties and privileges of citizenship as well as its rights.

Some State universities have avoided the spirit of the land grants while placing their own interpretation upon the letter. Wisconsin, for example, retains military instruction on the announced curricula of its University as an elective, not as a requirement. Minnesota, with characteristic manliness, follows the intention of the founders, expressed in 1862 and again in the National Defense Act of 1916, both in letter and in spirit. During the first two years of the undergraduate course military training is required "for all able-bodied male students who are bona fide citizens of the United States." This is called the "Basic Course" and comprehends three hours a week. The Advanced Course is elective, comprising five hours a week for the remaining two years of University enrollment, including attendance at a training camp, and the student completing the entire course receives a commission as second lieutenant in the Organized Reserves of the Army of the United States. The founders intended that the high type of intelligent, educated leadership for which colleges and universities were instituted should be available for the Nation's life in the emergencies of war as well as in those of peace. And the young men of Minnesota, who unhesitatingly comply with the requirement of military training, know that in fulfilling an obligation of citizenship which they owe to the National Government they are at the same time helping their University to pay back the provisions of the land-grant acts which have made its existence and their opportunities possible.

So many and so creditable are Minnesota's returns to the State and to the Nation that it resents the prominence earned for its military establishment by the very faithfulness and thoroughness of its military performance among the land-grant universities. The "main object" stressed in the Morrill Act of 1862 of teaching "such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts" has been even more faithfully and thoroughly lived up to during the intervening sixty-three years. Moreover, the income from trust and other funds originating in land grants is now only a fraction of the total annual credit side of the University's balance-sheet, which foots up to nearly five and a half million. A 23/100-mill tax assessed by the State adds half a million, and a three-million-dollar maintenance appropriation was voted last year by the State Legislature. Private endowment has contributed memorial hospitals, college buildings, and a School of Journalism. Within the last few years the alumni have organized what they call the Greater University Corporation to supplement the somewhat haphazard reliance upon private benefactors of great wealth or the matter-of-fact though substantial support that State Legislatures can give. This organization, with the co-ordinated efforts of the undergraduates and the Faculty, gave a splendid demonstration of loyalty to their Alma Mater by raising among themselves a two-million-dollar fund wherewith to build the new stadium, dedicated as a war memorial last year, and to set aside an additional fund towards an auditorium. Minnesota is not more military than are the other land-grant universities. Perhaps it is more painstakingly patriotic than some of them. These distinctions *are* invidious, because every American university endeavors, according to its lights, to live worthily under the National flag. It would be more fair to say, in terms more acceptable to Minnesota graduates and undergraduates, that the University meets all the requirements of citizenship in a way befitting men.



Pillsbury Hall Tower and Entrance Arch

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Unwinding the Blue Ribbon

By J. HORACE MCFARLAND

Here's an article that ought to make Uncle Sam and some of his immediate relatives stop, look, and listen. The question is, Will those relatives do anything more than that?

WE were discussing the annoyances both had experienced in simple dealings with the Federal Government. My friend, a noted chemist whose English was academic in diction but quite Germanic in its softened sound, said, "Vell, you must realize, my frient, dat te plue ribbon must pe unvoundt." "Blue ribbon?" I queried, and then my brain got to work. "Oh, you mean the red tape, don't you?" Quick came the reply from the Doctor, "Yess, dat is vat I mean."

There follow some casual experiences with the seemingly useless, certainly aggravating, and undoubtedly expensive rolling and unrolling of this red tape, apparently inseparable from the business of Uncle Sam and his family of sovereign States.

Just at the end of the Spanish-American War I had one interesting tape experience. I am a printer, doing business near the location of one of the camps in which soldiers were then concentrated. At his request, I served the simple typographic needs of the commandant. When he had been ordered to close his camp, this officer, a courteous captain, one day called me on the telephone, and, evidently in a great hurry, dictated the "copy" for a poster advertising the sale of lumber and other remainders of the camp, told me how many he wanted printed, and then added: "I am ordered to Manila at once, and leave in an hour. The sergeant in charge will hear tomorrow from Washington the date set for the sale, and when he tells you what it is you can go ahead and print. The sergeant will call for and put up the posters. Good-by!"

Just so it all happened. The bill was made out as usual, with a copy of the poster attached, but without an order number, the captain having had no time to formally confirm in writing his hurried verbal directions. The reason for this was explained on the bill, to which, as I have written, was added the evidence of the work it charged for.

In due course—that is, after a month or so, for Uncle Sam is not always prompt pay—remittance came for all items of my bill save the poster, for which payment was refused because I had not added the order number. The reason for this was again patiently explained, with the further statement that the captain was in Manila and the camp vacated and dismantled. Again came the flat refusal to pay, because the set routine had not been followed.

The amount was not serious, and after one more round of correspondence I concluded to charge it off to Government red tape. But, inasmuch as at the same time I was doing a considerable business with the Money Order Division of the Post Office Department, payment for which was always made promptly and fairly on a simple bill, it seemed worth while to compare the practice of one Federal department with another. Elihu Root was then the Secretary of War. To him I wrote, telling him I didn't expect to be paid, but referring him to the Money Order service as an example of businesslike methods in government. To my great surprise, a prompt and personal reply came from the great Secretary, who not only ordered the bill paid, but explained the difficulties of routine from which he also suffered, adding that he had sent an officer to investigate the system in the Money Order service.

That bolt of red tape was surprisingly unrolled for me!

BUT this was a quarter-century ago. Of course the business methods of the Government have improved since?

Not visibly. During the Great War I was a member in Washington of a rather inconspicuous commission appointed without stated powers but with a grand bluff—which, by the way, worked—aimed toward speeding up the production of war necessities. After the Armistice was signed our work turned toward conserving, if possible, certain notable advances in industrial housing. The influenza epidemic of 1918 reached its height in Washington four weeks before hostilities—in France!—were stopped, when in the week ending October 19 there were 8,105 cases and 515 deaths. A city quite comfortable for 25,000 Government workers was brutally and fatally overcrowded when 135,000 were on the pay-rolls, many thousands of them young women whose spirit, devotion, and sacrifice even to death have never been definitely recognized. So dreadful were the conditions each day for many weeks that it seemed to me the only difference between the Washington of then and the Belgium of four years before was that only red tape and carelessness caused the atrocities here.

It became my duty to try to find hospitals in which these young women might be treated. With a total of 26,642 cases of "flu" reported in October and November of that year, there were available in all Washington but one hundred hospital beds to receive the victims of this deadly contagious disease. One army hospital, to which women workers in the War Department had access, was about to be vacated in order to give more commodious quarters to the army motorcycle corps, and the plans for another and larger general hospital had been immediately dropped when the Armistice was signed.

For three dreadful weeks, while young women were dying, I haunted offices and bored officials in an endeavor to prevent the worst of these outrages. I failed; the order had gone forth, and there was no "Teddy" in the White House to cut the red tape.

Then an opportunity appeared to get eighty beds into a large rooming-house by a seemingly simple transfer of Government workers to one of the new "Government hotels" just completed facing the Union Station. The beds were ready, and the nurses, and the patients, alas! But three more weeks of heartbreaking effort seemed about to prove futile until I got together one morning all the officials concerned. There were thirteen of them, and, as I later analyzed their quality, eight were "buck-passers" and five were human. Nearly an hour of discussion, all relating to official limitations, failed to get action, when, losing my temper, I blurted out, "Well, then, a lot more girls will have to die!" Quickly the chairman started to reprove me, but was interrupted by a great-spirited Red Cross woman official, who said I spoke truth and that she believed she could find the needed money. Then a Public Health Service surgeon added his part, the Housing Corporation man agreed to provide the location we wanted, and in five minutes more the orders were flying.

That bolt of red tape was cut, but it took six weeks of time, and I dare not surmise how many unnecessary deaths occurred among the Government's help-

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less victims of red tape and its official winders and unwinders.

As treasurer of that unobtrusive commission, I had real pleasure in using ordinary business methods. The funds to be expended had been given me without any intricate voucher-and-approval system, and, to the horror of our own inherited executive secretary, the salaries and bills were paid promptly and without piffling. We had no clerical help to count the failures to dot the i's and cross the t's in honest bills for honest purchases. Every penny spent was fully accounted for, as in my own business. Some three months after the commission had gone out of business, and being in the possession of a receipt in full for the considerable amount of unexpended cash I had returned to its source, I was called to the telephone more than a hundred miles from Washington by an "auditor," who was horrified to find that, while he had all the bills and accounts, as well as the remaining money, and found no errors or discrepancies, there were no voluminous sworn-to "vouchers" upon which Government-paid clerks might waste hours and days of "checking" time.

Even in the most businesslike department of the Federal Government in this present time, and under the secretaryship of a very great man who might make a disagreeable noise if he came to know what is going on, red tape is now wound about its business. A close friend, a man of civic prominence in America, is a member of an important committee in this department, being regularly sworn in for part-time service of not exceeding twenty days in any one year, and at a merely nominal salary. He has been telling me with relish of his enlightening experience with the red tape surrounding his travel-expense accounts.

He was called one day to attend a meeting of his committee, including only men of National prominence, highly paid in their respective professional fields. He took the "midnight" sleeping-car to the city of meeting, attached to a train leaving his home at 11:43 P.M. and arriving at 7:30 the next morning. After a day of exhausting work, he went home on a train leaving at 5 P.M. and arriving in his home city shortly after nine o'clock the same evening. He had used "Government orders" for obtaining his railroad and Pullman transportation—spending nearly a quarter-hour at each end, by the way, in filling out the innumerable details on these orders—and he was entitled to charge four dollars as the "per diem" of subsistence allowed by the Government. His ensuing "voucher" for "Salary and Traveling Expenses," a portentous four-page document requiring that he make oath, at his own expense, to the accuracy and propriety of his expenditures, was returned for correction in the course of several weeks. He was informed that he could not be allowed a full "per diem" of four dollars because, having departed at 11:43 P.M. of one day and returned at 9:05 of the next day, he had not been absent a full day!

But there was consolation, for he was advised that, the "per diem" being inadmissible, he could make subsistence charge in detail in an amount not to exceed five dollars!

This seems like a joke, but it isn't; it is a solid, stupid, expensive fact of present-day practice in pursuing the system of "checks and balances" which winds and unwinds and tangles, but seldom cuts, millions of yards of Government red tape.

AFTER I had properly expressed my amazement at this foolishness, my friend said: "The worst is yet to come. On one occasion a meeting of the committee was called at Washington. The weather being pleasant, it seemed worth while to motor the hundred-odd miles to the capital city. In my cautious Scotch way, I thought best to inquire as to the departmental regulations concerning motor travel, suggesting to my immediate chief that I presumed I would be allowed to charge no more than the regular railroad fare for the trip, even though it would cost me more than twice that amount.

"I'll show you what came with the reply, and it will fully explain why I went by train and not by automobile."

Here is the awe-inspiring document, which he has daringly permitted me to transcribe:

OFFICIAL TRAVEL VIA AUTOMOBILE

1. When travel is made by privately owned automobile a special requisition should be properly authorized and approved in advance of the trip. It must state the purpose of the trip, the time of departure from and arrival at official station, the estimated cost, and all points between which travel is to be made.

2. The cost of the travel by privately owned automobile must not exceed the cost of travel by the most direct and usually traveled route, taking into consideration the necessary hour of departure from the official station and time en route.

3. Expenses allowed for such travel are as follows: Oil (lubricating) (replacement of oil drained from crankcase will not be allowed).

Gasoline (actual cost of gasoline only, taxes paid are not reimbursable).

4. All such expenses must be supported by receipts.

5. The following information should be stated on the expense accounts:

The hour of departure from and arrival at the official station, the hour of departure from and arrival at all points en route, the amount of gasoline in the tank of the car on departure from and arrival at official station, the number of persons occupying the car (if they are traveling on official business) and the make of the car, model, etc. In a recapitulation, the number of miles traveled while away from the official station and the number of gallons of gasoline used, and the average consumption of gasoline should be shown.

6. No charges can be made for car and tire repairs nor for equipment of any kind.

One of the self-sacrificing scientists who puts his great talents at the service of the public in the Federal Department of Agriculture was ordered on a long transcontinental trip in following up some research work of great importance. He told me on his return that he hoped to get back from the Government most of his expenses, which had exceeded twelve hundred dollars. "What do you mean?" I said to him. "Didn't the authorities provide the money in advance for these necessary expenses?" "Oh, no," was the reply; "that would be contrary to the regulations."

When I evinced wonder that on his scanty salary he should have so much loose cash available, he calmly replied: "I had no such amount, but I raised it by a mortgage on my home."

Would any railroad, any business organization, any employer, expect to "get away" with such practice?

I WISH it was only the Federal Government that kept on with this tape-winding foolishness, but, unfortunately, the silly and expensive practice has spread to many minor governmental and related units. One Western State college has been in the habit of buying lantern slides from one section of my business. I metaphorically "blew up" when the authorities of that educational institution required that the bill for the slides be rendered in duplicate on an elaborate form, sworn to, and receipted in advance—long in advance it was, too, for the actual money didn't come for two months. Another similar institution required that the duplicate bills be sent receipted, but were to apply only to next year's appropriation—which would be humorous if it was not dishonest.

As a park commissioner in my home city it was, some years ago, my duty to approve for payment all sorts of bills, which were made out against a detailed appropriation. Thus there were some

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"57 varieties"—or 53, to be exact—of rubber stamps to be handled, and again I "blew up" when six vouchers and the accompanying rubber stamping were required to get pay for less than two hours' use of a horse and cart cleaning up litter from several small parks, in a gross amount of $1.93! I saw to it that the next appropriation was a lump sum, and the rubber stamps and the red tape both had a rest.

Instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum* probably, and *ad nauseam* certainly. The serious side of it all is the outrageous and costly waste of all this "blue ribbon" nonsense. Based on the "checks and balances" idea of trusting no one, it is a failure, for any ingenious man can readily get through the checks so that all the balances come his way.

Order, system, regularity—all these are as desirable in financial relations with ourselves as the Government we elect and maintain among ourselves. But this asinine multiplication of complications, this vast machinery of clerks and offices and officials who are gravely employed day in and day out in counting pins from one pile to another and then counting them back again, is an expensive commentary on our National distrust of one another, and on the high price of inefficiency.

It was about 1867 that Mark Twain wrote his famous satire "The Facts in the Case of the Great Beef Contract," the concluding paragraph of which reads thus:

> I only know that if a man lives long enough he can trace a thing through the Circumlocution Office of Washington and find out, after much labor and trouble and delay, that which he could have found out on the first day if the business of the Circumlocution Office were as ingeniously systematized as it would be if it were a great mercantile institution.

Nearly sixty years have passed since this story of "John Wilson Mackenzie" was penned. It was a story of "buck-passing," of red tape, of official unintelligence. In all essentials it might, if modernized, be in allegory a better showing of present-day "blue ribbon" Government methods than I have here truthfully set down.

The Book Table

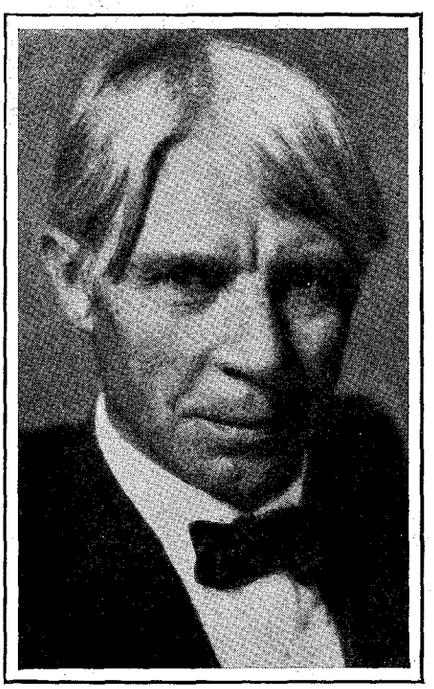
Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Carl Sandburg's "Lincoln"

Reviewed by W. J. GHENT

THIS[1] is an astonishing performance. There are books which give more fully and precisely the records of Lincoln's life; there are others that are pre-eminent by reason of this or that excellence of manner or substance; but there is no other book which so vividly recreates the man and shows him moving about in the midst of his environment. Even the environment itself—the crude society of the prairie frontier—is pictured with a luminous realism probably unsurpassed by any other writer who has attempted the task.

It is a modernist poet who tells the tale, and he tells it in a highly distinctive way. The diction is anything but what is commonly known as "poetic;" it is familiar, face-to-face narration, somewhat "jazzy" in spots and with occasional lapses into pure Sandburgese. With its constant employment of shift and cut-back and fade-out and the thing so absurdly known as "fade-in," it has something of the technique of the moving picture. But the substance is poetic interpretation; and from no other source than the understanding heart of a poet could so enthralling a tale and so impressive a portraiture be drawn. It is the tale of the development of an awkward and unschooled boy through a maze of vicissitudes into the statesman



Carl Sandburg

chosen to be head of the Republic. And as this was a social, companionable boy and man, sensitive in an extreme degree to "the words and ways of people around him," his friends and acquaintances of high and of low degree also are brought into the narrative. As they helped to mold him, they also help—in so far as they can—to explain him.

The author has painstakingly, and over a long period of years, ransacked all the known Lincoln material, in manuscript as well as in print. As to several items—most important of which is perhaps the letter of July 2, 1848, from Lincoln to his wife—he has achieved a first publication. Further—for he grew up in Knox County—he has had many opportunities of questioning men and women who had known Lincoln, and presumably he has availed himself of all of them. He has been faithful to the records and to the tradition; he has attempted no fanciful reconstructions and no overturning of the work of others. But to much that has been known he has given a fresh illumination; to some things a new meaning; and to the environment, and especially to its central figure, a revivification.

If one complains that in this work there is a sad lack of dates and particulars and proofs of authenticity, the answer is simply that it isn't that kind of a work. Of dates, where they seem especially important, there are a few; a blanket certification—"Throughout this work conversational utterances are based word for word on sources deemed authentic"—covers all but one of the dialogues and stories; and though details are sometimes piled in heaps, many are of the sort that would hardly pass scrutiny in a court-room or an encyclopædia. The author uses his materials for effects only, and not for a sustained and completed record. He is engaged, not in constructing a chronicle, but in drawing an interpretative picture. In such a work the properly constituted critic will abstain from looking sharply for errors, and even if

[1] Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years. By Carl Sandburg. With 105 Illustrations. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 2 vols. $10.

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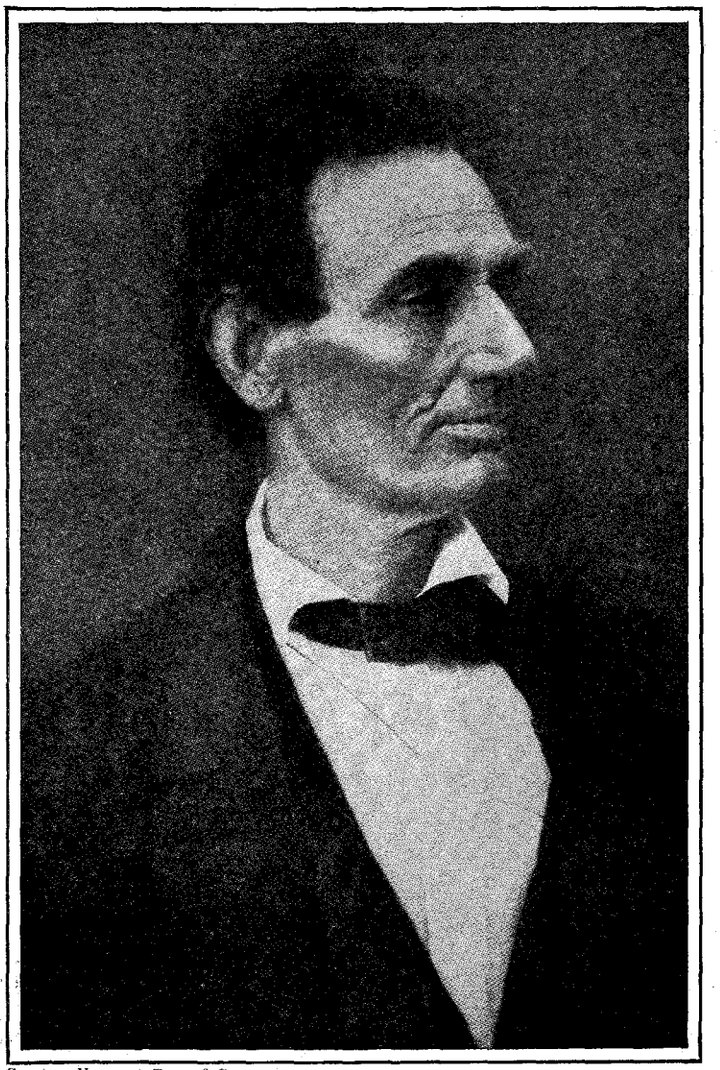
he lights upon a number of them he will regard them as relatively unimportant. But the errors chanced upon are few, and those few mostly of the composing-room. A poet, it seems, may be quite as careful about his data as a historian or a statistician.

The Lincoln of these pages is no saint. He is the Lincoln somewhat crudely, though honestly, drawn by Herndon, now drawn in clearer lines, with more vivid coloring. An older generation arose against Herndon in wrath and resentment. The Lincoln it had evidently determined to hand down to posterity was a replica of the canonized Washington. A false tradition about the Father of His Country had transformed him, in the words of Colonel Ingersoll, into "a steel engraving;" and this older generation wanted a Lincoln to match. Rationalism, however, has defeated the myth-makers. The real Washington is emerging from his obscuration, and the real Lincoln has never been hidden.

It is the social Lincoln—the Lincoln in daily contact with friends and neighbors—who gets the most space. Mr. Sandburg shows him in a society composed partly of real pioneers and largely of "movers"—nomads who quickly tired of one place and drifted on to the next. It was a democratic society in which, for at least the earlier years, literate and illiterate met on even terms. It was a society in which there was much ignorance, more superstition, and still more politics. A good deal of this politics was mere scheming for place and pelf. It was a belligerent society. Many of the men argued their personal (and sometimes political) differences by hammering, clawing, gouging, and biting one another; and most of them, the high and the low, passed their leisure time in drinking whisky and telling racy stories. In all this society Lincoln was thoroughly at home. It is nowhere of record that any one ever spoke of him as a prig. The whisky he avoided, and the fighting, too, after the adolescent days; but he had his full share of the superstition and some of the coarseness; he delighted in telling and hearing stories—some of them not quite suited for mixed company—and he learned to play with a master hand the game of politics.

This society, crude as we now call it, had another side. It included men and women who cared for culture and refinement, who studied books, and who met in groups for what they termed "mutual improvement." Among these also the many-sided Lincoln was thoroughly at home. Our present-day sophisticates are prone to be a bit supercilious concerning these provincial aspirants toward learning and the higher things, and especially concerning the naïve professions of purpose in so coming together. Be it said that these mutual-improvement groups were an important factor in the development of Lincoln. To date no Lincoln has developed out of a Greenwich Village coterie.



Courtesy Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Lincoln in Springfield, June, 1860

No phase of Lincoln's life is left untouched. His studies, his methods as a lawyer, his relations with women, his political maneuvers, his speculations on life and death, his lapses into melancholy, his life at home, his daily chores, the innumerable instances of his helpfulness—all are brought in. The stories, too, are here—probably every one that has any claim to authenticity. To one reader at least there is something a bit helter-skelter in the lavish handling of this illustrative material. The sorting and assembling do not seem to follow any known rule. But perhaps the practice may be an instance of that "brave disorder" by which one attains an otherwise unreachable effect.

Through all this maze we see the gaunt form making its way, and we note the many evidences of the man's growth in understanding and wisdom. Yet with his every word and action known and the man himself so pictured to us that we might seem to view him in the flesh, Lincoln would still remain an enigma. The "suthin' peculiarsome about Abe" which so impressed his uninspired Cousin Dennis, who knew him from the cradle, still haunts us, though we have all the advantage of a sixty years' perspective. The evolution of this unschooled rustic who grew up in a back-country wherein "there was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education;" who found, on coming of age, that he "somehow could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all"—the evolution of this youth into the Lincoln of the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural is a phenomenon that so far eludes explanation. We may thank whatever gods there be that Mr. Sandburg proffers no inspired solution. He writes with a confident sense of the command of his materials, but without swank. Here is the field, the theater, he says; here are the neighbors, experiences,

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books, and the countless other stimuli that played upon this being; and here is what he said and wrote and did and what he became. Make what you can of it.

All in all, this is a contribution to the "New Biography" quite unlike any of the others. It has nothing to do with the "New Psychology"—nothing to do with complexes, inhibitions, transferences, or fixations. Its basic merit is what used to be known on the frontier as "plain horse sense;" only in this case, as too infrequently happens in biography, the common sense is lighted and graced by poetic vision. The result is a work which can hardly fail to take rank at once as one of the indispensable books on Lincoln.

Art

ART IN EVERY DAY LIFE. By Harriet Goldstein and Vetta Goldstein. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

This is a contribution to the comfort of all home-makers, business people, and artists, as it explains in a delightful way the science of good design and good decoration in practical life. Its value is increased by the illustrations, which include examples of architecture, furniture, pottery, and lace as well as reproductions from old paintings that are especially full of symmetry and beauty.

The first chapters define structural design, harmony, balance, proportion, and rhythm, how to know color and how to use it. The second part is devoted to plans for costumes and interiors. Although full of technical instruction, the book is not heavy reading. Its two women authors, who must themselves possess the artistic temperament, have performed a real service in an æsthetic presentation of their facts. As the introduction states, "When beauty is expressed in our surroundings, it becomes a part of our life and our personality, . . . and historic art shows that a good design has an enduring quality and will outlast the mode of the hour." Good taste, though not instinctive with all, ought at least in these days to become a good habit for the majority.

Music

HOW MUSIC GREW FROM PREHISTORIC TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY. By Marion Bauer and Ethel Payser. With an Introduction by W. H. Henderson. With 64 Illustrations. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $4.50.

Circumspection is shown by the veteran critic of the New York "Sun" when he says in his introduction, "They [the authors] have apparently tried to give a bird's-eye view of the art as practiced by all the civilized and some of the uncivilized races of the earth." They begin with one group of savages, the American Indians, and end with another, the French "Six." Superficial though such a survey must be, it brings together a vast amount of information, and is written in a pleasant, anecdotal, although rather exclamatory style. The American section deserves especial praise. For a book intended for a reference work for young people it has one serious defect, however. Good as are these ladies' musical ears (Miss Bauer especially is a composer of reputation), they sometimes prove unreliable to spell by. The book is peppered with misspelled proper names and misquoted titles ("The Weir of Hermiston," for one). The number of names of singers at the Metropolitan Opera House wrongly spelled here is equaled only on the labels furnished by the Metropolitan's official photographer for his display in the lobby of that opera house. And good news! Bizet and Chabrier still live. Are we not told that "Maurice Ravel (1875), still living in Paris, like Chabrier and Bizet, seems to love Spanish themes"?

Fiction

YES, LADY SAHEB! By Grace Thompson-Seton. Harper & Brothers, New York. $4.

A lively, colorful, even exuberant account of the author's travels, talks, adventures, and tiger hunts in India. It is decidedly interesting to get a woman's point of view on Gandhi, purdah seclusion, mysticism, missionaries, the British rule, the religion of Buddhists and Mohammedans, and much else. Mrs. Thompson-Seton talked with every one from Gandhi to the Viceroy, including Mrs. Besant. The book is profusely illustrated and tastefully decorated.

THE OLDEST GOD. By Stephen McKenna. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

In one of the oldest manor houses of Northumberland, a house whose foundations are Roman, whose superstructure is an Outline of Architecture, and whose present tenant is an American widow of means and social ambitions, are gathered a house-party consisting of a drunken lord, two shell-shocked veterans, a learned professor, a coldly beautiful woman (ah!), a diplomat, a flapper, and some wives. Among them appears a gentleman with the original name of Mr. Stranger, and almost immediately the whole party goes Democratic. People "do what they never done before." Gentlemen are seen leaving ladies' bedrooms late at night, there are hand-to-hand fights, and much drinking. Mr. Stranger grows more and more exciting, and it is discovered that he has a cloven foot!

Could you ask for a better situation than that? Obviously not, but, unfortunately, Mr. McKenna, with the scenes all set for a home run of a book, has behaved like Casey, the Mudville slugger, and just missed. Stranger, of course, is Pan, but he is rather a Tin Pan, and the other characters not much more convincing. With the best intentions in the world, the book is a hard one to read through, principally because of the amount of philosophic conversation indulged in by the characters, what time they are not coveting their neighbor's ox or breaking other of the Commandments.

Notes on New Books

LYCURGUS; OR, THE FUTURE OF LAW. By E. S. P. Haynes. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

THRASYMACHUS; OR, THE FUTURE OF MORALS. By C. E. M. Joad. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

PYGMALION; OR, THE DOCTOR OF THE FUTURE. By R. M. Wilson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

OUROBOROS; OR, THE MECHANICAL EXTENSION OF MANKIND. By Garet Garrett. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

This and the three preceding titles belong to the series of little books called the "To-day and Tomorrow Series." They are all published in this country by Dutton, and discuss briefly and often in lively and pertinent manner important questions of the day. That the editor of the series is getting hard put to it as a result of his somewhat pedantic and ridiculous scheme of Greek titles is indicated by the latest of them. We do not know what "Ouroboros" means, nor even how to pronounce it.

ALONG THE WIND. By Chard Powers Smith. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $1.50.

A book of poems.

IF LINCOLN WERE HERE. By John Wesley Hill. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25.

An attempt to apply Lincoln's beliefs to modern problems.

ETIQUETTE AT COLLEGE. By Nellie Ballou. The Handy Book Corporation, Harrisburg.

This book came along far too late for our benefit. In it we read that at banquets "self-consciousness and lack of training in company is to blame for throwing bread and rolls, beating on glasses with spoons, etc." Now we know why we always have a dull time at banquets until the bread-throwing begins.

A PARSON'S ADVENTURES. By G. W. McPherson. The Yonkers Book Company, Yonkers, N. Y. $2.50.

Missionary experiences on Cape Breton Island, in the Rockies, and in New York.

BEST SHORT STORIES OF THE WORLD. Edited by Konrad Bercovici. The Stratford Company, Boston. $2.50.

Short stories from half a dozen different languages.

NEW YORK, AND OTHER POEMS. By Mary Dixon Thayer. Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. $1.75.

EASY LATIN. By Jared W. Scudder. Allyn & Bacon, New York. $1.25.

THE NEW CIVICS. By Roscoe Lewis Ashley. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Revised edition.

WHY CHILDREN SUCCEED. By Stuart Appleton Courtis. The Friesema Brothers Press, Detroit.

Physical and mental tests of school-children.

BETHESDA: THE TEMPERATE LIFE. Anonymous. The Stratford Company, Boston. $2.

The publishers say that this is "one of the strongest arraignments of King Alcohol that has yet appeared in print."

ILLUSTRATED AFRICA, NORTH, TROPICAL, SOUTH. By William D. Boyce. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

Illustrated with many half-tones from photographs.

THE VOYAGE OUT. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

A new edition of a novel first copyrighted in this country in 1920.

FREE NEGRO HEADS OF FAMILIES IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1830. By Carter Godwin Woodson. The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, Inc., Washington, D. C. $5.

THE CHAIN OF LIFE. By Lucretia Perry Osborn. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

The story of evolution and the development of man.

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Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

A Financial Education

THE desire for knowledge on financial questions in general and on the subject of investments in particular is spreading. It is one of the healthiest and most encouraging signs of the times. Not so long ago the idea prevailed largely that a few occult bankers and mysteriously endowed geniuses alone held the keys to this rich domain. As in the case of medicine, once the monopoly of the profession, so in the case of this field, the multitudes were excluded. The art of investing was closely guarded, abused to selfish ends, made the privilege of a limited number.

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(Copy must be received nine days before date of publication. Count six words to a line and fourteen lines to an inch; the rate is 60c. a line, minimum insertion four lines.)

The Outlook Company
***Real Estate Section,* 120 East 16th St., New York**

regular courses. There are excellent books on law for the layman which give a very fair, comprehensive idea of this important branch of knowledge. But the writer does not happen to be familiar with any single compact book which deals with the subject of investing from the standpoint of the investor. It would seem that there is a real need for such a book because at present one seeking information must read widely and, with difficulty, wisely. Experience, said to be the best teacher, is in this respect a very costly one.

There is, of course, a vast deal of financial and investment information available, and our consistent advice to those who, feeling their own ignorance, come to us for suggestions, is to roam as far and as fast as they can. Most of the large daily newspapers not only publish complete reports of stock exchange transactions, but in addition run a financial department of comment on the current situation. Many of the big bond and investment houses issue booklets on investing and investments, and in some of these there is to be found information of really permanent value. The weekly and monthly magazines, in a different fashion from the newspapers, and each from an independent angle, contribute to our financial instruction.

Coming to books, the basis of a home investment library, we find a few recent volumes which we would recommend to any one sufficiently interested to lay out a few dollars for this purpose. The list, which is far from complete, is as follows:

Encyclopedia of Banking and Finance. Edited by Glenn G. Munn. Bankers Publishing Company, 1924.

Investment: A New Profession. By Henry S. Sturgis. The Macmillan Company, 1924.

Common Stocks as Long Term Investments. By Edgar Lawrence Smith. The Macmillan Company, 1924.

Investing in Purchasing Power. By Kenneth S. Van Strum. Barron's, 1925.

Buying a Bond. A reprint of magazine articles. Barron's, 1924.

Add to these, for good measure and because we happen to know that they are well worth studying, the investment literature that is put out from time to time by the responsible financial houses which use The Outlook's advertising columns.

Here, then, is a pretty good eight-inch investment book-shelf. The Encyclopedia is useful for frequent and general reference. The two books on common stocks are stimulating and suggestive, provided it is realized that common

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stocks should not be the *sole* staple of an investment menu; and the bond book is in its way a little classic which every investor should know intimately. Sturgis's book is fresh, keen, interesting, from start to finish.

Not being a schoolmaster, we make no further recommendations as to the pursuit of a course of investment study. The curriculum is by no means fixed or prescribed. It will differ according to the purpose of the pupil. And the subject-matter is so vast, so ramifying, so endless, that each must roam for himself in the direction which seems to him most useful.

One more book should be added to the eight-inch shelf listed above. This is some standard text-book on money and banking, discoverable doubtless in any good library. If the right book is selected, it will give the student a bird's-eye picture of the financial structure, without which investments are impossible. Technical questions of banking, interesting as they may be, need not particularly concern the reader; what he should look for is a fair grasp of the system of money, banking, underwriting, corporate finance, and the like.

Probably there was never a more favorable time than to-day for the successful attaining of a financial education. Facts are available. The dark period of mystery about corporation financing is come and gone. The selling of securities is less complicated than ever before by the fraudulent schemes and wiles of financial vultures. The public, awakened to the need of investing carefully, looks before it leaps, and in consequence it is to the advantage of many important interests to supply the hunger for vital fact.

The day is approaching when investing will be more nearly a science than it ever has been in the past. This is because of the availability of fact, without which no science ever existed. We know infinitely more about methods and processes of production than ever before, thanks to the allegiance between physical, chemical, and even psychological science and industry. We know more about selling, and how a sales campaign can make or break a business, than did our fathers. Living in a world no longer consisting of isolated communities, our local problems are more nearly approached in the light of world fact and world interaction than in days gone by.

Like most types of education to-day, a financial education can be had for a trifling price. In money the figures will be infinitesimal; in application of mental force it will be as expensive—and

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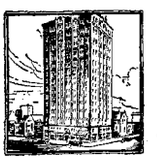

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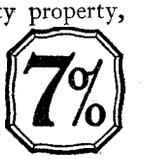

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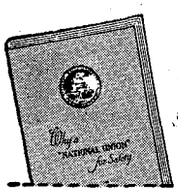

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Facts For Investors

THE OUTLOOK'S Financial Service Department is at the disposal of all Outlook readers at the nominal charge of $1 per inquiry. It is a fact-finding and reporting information service which aims to help the investor, small and large, solve his own problems. We are serving hundreds. May we serve you?

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W. L. S.

From Inquiring Readers

A TYPICAL instance of an attractive but unwise investment has been brought to our attention by a reader of these pages. It is a new variety of egg box. The literature reads wonderfully, and our inquirer was somewhat tempted by it. "I realize," he writes, "that as this stock is not listed and is admittedly a purely prospective affair, facts concerning it as an investment would be difficult to obtain. . . . The man seems to have a patent on what would seem a widely used and cheaply manufactured product."

From the information which this department was able to obtain, we found no reason to doubt the integrity of the exploiter of a fresh way of packing eggs. "The sole question for you to decide," we wrote, "is whether you would be taking an undue risk by putting money into it.

"As is common with such literature, tremendous profits are virtually promised the stockholder, and a tremendous market is said to await this wonderful invention. In other words, the letter is full of just the kind of enthusiasm which is necessary in order to keep up a 'peppy sales campaign.' Nothing is more tragic than to see case after case of honest enthusiasm go wrong.

"Personally, we would not think of investing money in this enterprise unless we knew a great deal more than is available, without considerable study, about the egg-marketing problem, the types of containers now on the market, who is manufacturing them, what they sell for, etc., etc.

"Many new propositions of this kind go on the rocks simply because their founders have not made a careful investigation of the whole field. In other words, it is not enough to have a good idea; the idea must be capable of successful financial exploitation."

THE beauty about good bonds, the obligations of a strong company and issued under a proper indenture, is that expansion of the company furnishes additional security and makes them even better bonds. We mention this point because it has been raised recently in our correspondence by a reader in Florida who wondered whether her Alabama Power Company First and Refunding 6s, due 1952, were as good as they were before the corporation began to expand.

With these bonds, as with many others, the increased value of plant automatically means increased security. Under the mortgage, the issue can be increased only when there are additions and extensions to plant, and then not to the full one hundred per cent of the value of such additions.

IT was never the purpose of this department to start a school for the study of investments, but we seem to have done so quite unintentionally. The lady just quoted *in re* Alabama Power bonds makes this remark in closing her letter:

"Your department has been most enlightening, and now I am ordering Carret's 'Buying a Bond' and Van Strum's 'Investing in Purchasing Power,' and am considering taking an abbreviated course in banking at one of the local business schools for the sake of the background it will give me. Any suggestions you can give to a student who is trying to learn all she can about investing will be gratefully received."

And in the same mail a letter comes from a friend in California, who requests recommendations for a course in home study in investing. He has recently undertaken the task of looking after his mother's investments, and, like a wise man, applies to us for guidance!

A LADY who tells us that she has no brains for business and small possessions, has asked about Southern Pacific stock. Her letter by no means reveals a lack of brains, but, as she was seeking information, we gave it as follows:

"The Southern Pacific common stock is considered an investment stock. The earnings in 1925 were about $10 a share, which shows that the $6 dividend is pretty well guaranteed. We do not think that the purchase of this stock would give you any more worry than one has to take in the case of any investment."

IN an article in this department several weeks ago on building and loan associations we spoke highly of the shares in these corporations, and as a result have had many inquiries about them. Unfortunately, we are unable to give informative reports on all the local building and loan associations in the country. There are, in the first place, a great many of them; and, in the second place, data about them are not collected and made available as are data about the great industrial and railroad corporations. We can, however, furnish inquirers with the addresses of the secretaries of State leagues, who, on inquiry, will undoubtedly tell those asking them whether any particular association is or is not in good standing. It should be remembered also that the local banks are excellent sources of information for this purpose.

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Seven Summer Tours TO EUROPE AND MEDITERRANEAN

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Write or call for full particulars. Photographs and a film of the trip shown on application to 199 Piccadilly, London, Eng.

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Earn Your Trip to EUROPE by securing five members for one of my tours. Established 1900. BABCOCK'S TOURS, Inc., East Orange, N. J.

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SECURE YOUR SUMMER HOME NOW

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Two remodeled Cape houses and one new Cape house. Best residential section, near good beach. Address Mrs. A. C. McKillop, 40 Algonquin Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

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From five to twelve rooms, completely furnished and all modern improvements, on ocean front and beautiful salt water pond, near Watch Hill, R. I. For particulars address M. S. DAMEREL, Westerly, R. I.

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PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 74, Chicago.

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SECRETARIES, social workers, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers, companions, governesses, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HELP WANTED

A man of education and refinement, preferably between ages of thirty and forty-five, to be companion to elderly gentleman. Must be tactful and of kindly disposition. Delightful home. References required. 6,693, Outlook.

CAMP councilor—An Eastern girls' camp of recognized efficiency desires services of councilor for July and August who can enroll campers during the intervening time. Must be qualified to teach and direct at least one of the camp activities and furnish reliable social, mental, and character references. Those having an entry into circles from which campers can be obtained given first consideration. Wynona Camp, Fairlee, Vt.

CHURCH worker, energetic, intelligent, and willing to travel within reasonable distance of home, can obtain good position in the promotion of a very definite phase of Christian work. State full particulars in first letter. 6,674, Outlook.

For Help Wanted, Situations Wanted, and Miscellaneous Advertisements see next page

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HELP WANTED

EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. We secure position for you after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet CM-27. Standard Business Training Institution, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite U-5842, Washington, D. C.

MINISTER: Is there a retired or non-parochial clergyman or religous worker, with sales ability, who wishes to do a very definite piece of Christian work, with liberal payment? If so, write 6,673, Outlook.

SALESMEN wanted. $10 daily easy. We start you in auto accessory business. No investment, no experience necessary. Exclusive territory. Motor Products Co., 1760 Lund Ave., Chicago.

SITUATIONS WANTED

CULTURED woman, finished pianiste, would like position as companion with gentlewoman who loves music. Protestant. New York vicinity preferred. Photographs and references exchanged. 6,671, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, closing own home in spring, desires position as companion and supervising housekeeper with lady or elderly couple in country. Pleasant environment. Moderate remuneration. 6,691, Outlook.

NURSERY governess, American, experienced, refined. References. 6,695, Outlook.

VACATION AND SPARE TIME EMPLOYMENT desired by professor in technical college. Trained as mining and mechanical engineer with practical experience in responsible charge of construction and operation of plants. Competent to examine and report on mines, industries, and processes and for research. 6,692, Outlook.

WANTED, by executive woman of culture and refinement, position as club manager, hostess, or supervisory housekeeper in club, school, or college. Experienced in each capacity. 6,694, Outlook.

WANTED, position as housemother or secretary in boarding school. Best references of capability and refinement. 6,690, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

HOME for limited number aged patients, children. Nurse, physician's care. Miss Bell, Bernardsville, N. J.

IDEAL New England home offered for little girl of elementary school age. $15 weekly. 6,689, Outlook.

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We're not satisfied!

A lot of you people who read The Outlook have let us help you with your travel plans—but not enough. We have the facilities to answer your inquiries about any part of the world, and we do love to work. We know we can please you, too, because those we have served write us things like this—

"Let me tell you I appreciate to the fullest extent all you did for me and mine. We had a nice trip over . . . was grateful for all your suggestions; they came in so handy."

It's a service for you too.

How may we help you with your next trip?

At your service without charge

Hotel and Travel Bureau
THE OUTLOOK
120 East 16th Street New York

By the Way

WE have known some people who are so fond of arguing that they won't even eat any food that agrees with them.

In a time of great drought a Scotch congregation met together to pray for rain. The day after their prayer the rain came. On Friday it still rained steadily. Saturday it simply poured, and all Saturday night and Sunday morning it came down in torrents, a veritable cloudburst. The pastor and his flock made their way with difficulty to the church. Once more they prayed. The old dominie wailed: "O Lord, we thank thee for thy answer to our prayer for rain. But, O Lord, this is simply ridiculous!"

New laurels for William Randolph Hearst, eminent publisher. A vaudeville trade paper credits him as being the best Charleston dancer on the Pacific coast.

Absinthe, the forbidden drink of France, is now quoted at ninety-six dollars a case on the New York liquor market. Two weekly magazines, purchasable at almost every news-stand, print the full illegal liquor market quotations in every issue.

In Europe, George Ade was presented to a German professor of literature, who asked, "Mr. Ade, have your works been translated into German?" "No," replied Ade; "they haven't been translated into English yet."

An absent-minded commuter to New York during the recent storm boarded the train wearing his radio head phones instead of ear-muffs.

Harry Thaw has paid a Chicago detective agency $10,000 to search out the witnesses of his famous trial. He hopes to show that they were bribed. This is the first step toward the publication of a forthcoming book entitled "The Truth About Thaw." He is confident that it is a subject of lively interest, as he is planning on a first edition of 100,000 copies.

Recent storms and ocean gales in the vicinity of South Florida are said to have swept away miles of options.

Manager: "I'm afraid you are ignoring our efficiency system, Mr. Smith."

Mr. Smith: "Perhaps so, sir; but somebody has to get the work done."

This is the season for overcoats. Is your size 112 by 95 centimeters? Do you want a coat with stylish animals on it? Is price not so much the object with you as getting a garment to attract the attention as you walk down the street? Can you, in the interest of science, afford to send an expedition of experts to Berlin? If the reply is "yes," you should answer the advertisement, which we have recently received, and which we reprint verbatim:

HEINRICH TIEDEMANN BERLIN W 8
UNTER DEN LINDEN 12-13

I beg to report:

COLOURED PERUVIAN TEXTURE

made at Cuzco (Peru) about 1520

Overcoat, size 112:95 cm. The red ground is divided on the brims and in the middle by three systems of stripes; on the brims 7, in the middle 15 stripes. The middle one marks the middle of the whole texture with a dup blue colour. All the stripes show geometric changing ornaments, only the blue one repeats a group of a monkey with a parrot and a basket. The red ground is covered with a lot of different groups and figures, some of them in the opposite sense; we are able to perceive the spanish-christian influence in the group of Adam and Eve. As for the rest, horses, monkeys, parrots and other birds, antilopes snakes hunting scenes, ornamental trees and all kinds of stylish animals form a rich decoration of the texture. Above and below a yellow stripe, 5 cm broad, borders the texture, which repeats an ornament of a cock and a hen with plants.

U. S. A. $3,000.—

The texture did serve as an overcoat and has been made at Cuzco, Peru, in about 1520, in one of the so-called "obrajes" (manufactures). It is of the best conservation, and a fine uncut piece of the kind. Some small damages diminish not in the least its beauty.

I should be glad, if you would take advantage of the opportunity to make the purchase and would make an examination by experts at Berlin.

A wag, who approves of our entrance into the World Court, adds that he hopes our representative will be Miss Helen Wills.

In The Outlook of February 10 Don Seitz wrote that it would be hard to discover a news "beat" in the files of any New York newspaper since the World War. Evidently he did not reckon with the New York "Evening Graphic," which says, editorially: "Day after day, time after time, The Graphic scoops its competitors. Yesterday the march of scoops continued as usual, with several important news and picture scoops, among which was: First picture of Irene Bordoni when she arrived on S. S. Paris, introducing a new fad—illustrated stockings."

As a further illustration of the character of present-day news "scoops," witness the payment of a $1,000 bonus to the reporter on the New York "American" who turned in the story of the reuniting of the Stillmans and their sailing for Europe.

In his announcement on a Sunday morning the vicar regretted that money was not coming in fast enough. But he was no pessimist. "We have tried," he said, "to raise the necessary money in the usual manner. We have tried honestly. Now we are going to see what a bazaar can do."

Mexican Government figures just issued show that American motion pictures have supplanted bull-fighting as that country's favorite amusement.

Press reports state that a Kansas man and wife who motored to Florida found the hotels full, and paid ten dollars for the use of a room in a lodging-house with the proviso that they give up the room to daytime sleepers by six in the morning. They paid the lodging-house two dollars and fifty cents for parking their car in the alleyway. In the morning they found three men asleep in the car. The men stated that they had paid three dollars apiece to the innkeeper for the privilege.

Another anagram with five words of five letters each needed to complete it. Each word contains the same letters. Answer next week.

Before we all have ——
In the early morn
Comes Mary with her —— voice;
'Tis better than a horn.
The clothes she starts to —— and blue,
And in the soap there's —— too.
Of the whole house she takes the ——;
She has the brawn, if not the brains.

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